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Taber Free Press

VOL. III., No. 43 — TABER, ALBERTA, THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1910 — $1.50 YEARLY

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H. F. ANNABLE
AGENT, TABER

THE KING'S HEALTH NONE TOO ROBUST

King Edward's Condition Alarms Physicians, Who Have Frequently to Give Him Oxygen.

GAS HAS TO BE USED TO RELIEVE CHOKING ATTACKS.

King Has Never Been Strong Since His Serious Illness at Time of Coronation.

London, April 4.—The London newspapers ordinarily print only the briefest news bulletins about the condition of the King's health. The King is at Biarritz and has not been well for a fortnight. The newspapers say he is suffering from a bad cold, but the fact is that he has had more than cold to cause his physicians worry. He has not been robust since his recovery from the operation that nearly proved fatal at the time of his coronation. His throat is weak and any cold causes inflammation of the throat that frequently produces almost suffocation.

The King's physicians always have a tank of oxygen handy to relieve the choking attacks that afflict the King often.

His general health is fairly good for a man of his age, but his physicians never take chances, and when he developes the slightest cold, they generally keep him indoors as they did for a week at Biarritz.

DEMAND MADE FOR $250,000 FROM J. K. CORNWALL, M.P.P.

Sensational Evidence Submitted by O. M. Biggar Before the Alberta and Great Waterways Railway Enquiry.

TORONTO MAN NAMED THIS SUM AS PRICE OF SILENCE

Alfred Hawes Claimed to Have Documents, Production of Which Would Compromise Cornwall and Minty.

The first and the only real sensation in connection with the preliminary session of the Royal Commission on the Alberta and Great Waterways Railway [illegible] was developed [illegible] examination of George B. Henwood of the Edmonton law firm of Henwood and Harrison. His testimony resulted in the revealing of what O. M. Biggar, who afterwards made a sworn statement on the matter, said was an attempt by Alfred Hawes of Toronto, one of the incorporators of the Athabasca railway company to extort from J. K. Cornwall $250,000 in return for the possession of certain documents in the possession of Hawes. These documents are said to relate to the profits to be made from the flotation of bonds of the railway company, and Mr. Biggar claimed that the threat to issue a writ for $250,000 was made, just at the time the crisis was on in the legislature in order to create a stampede against the government. The mere issuance of a writ for $250,000 at that time, he said would have meant the overthrow of the administration.

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A TALE OF COAL

A Story of a Blockade Runner

BY ALAN H. BURGOYNE

A BROAD-SHOULDERED, bronzed man, with a livid scar on his cheek, was walking down the Strand towards Trafalgar Square. His whole bearing was smacked of the sea, and there was a keenness in his deep-set brown eyes that suggested determination and courage. His thoughts were not in the hurrying crowd about him, for he bumped incontinently into passers-by, bringing down many an imprecation upon his well-set head. He heeded none of these, but strode firmly on; his appointment with "My Lords" at Whitehall was in ten minutes' time.

As he passed in front of Charing Cross Station a shout caused him to start. A large motor-car was coming out of the yard at a fast pace, and, puzzled by the sudden awakening to his surroundings, for a moment he hesitated. This hesitation proved wellnigh fatal to him for ever; the off-side wheel of the car caught his thigh and drove him headlong across the path of the heavy vehicle. It seemed he must be run over by all four wheels, when a powerful man, clad in blue serge and wearing the peaked cap of the merchant service, seized his two extended arms as they slapped the ground; and, with herculean strength, jerked him clear on to the pavement.

Commander Mellor picked himself up, straightened the dents in his hat with the greatest unconcern, and, with a muttered "Deuced near thing!" looked around for his rescuer. The man had gone. A few curious loungers who had witnessed the hurried episode pointed towards the square, and there was the blue-clothed man, both hands in his pockets, sauntering along as though saving people's lives were an everyday occurrence.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" cried the sailor, shaking off some of the dry dust and starting after him to whom he owed so much. "He's a cool one, if you like."

"Just about a match for yourself, my dear Mellor," said a voice by his side. "I congratulate you on your escape."

Mellor swung round, and found facing him the First Sea Lord! "Hullo, Sir," he cried, taking the extended hand, "did you see that little adventure?"

"See it, my friend?" replied the Admiral, "why, it was my car that tried to kill you, and I am waiting to apologize for the carelessness of my man. Come, I'll take you down to Whitehall, and we'll pick up the brave fellow who acted so well on our way. James," to the chauffeur, "run down to that big, hulking sailor just crossing the square, and pull up alongside him."

"Very good, Sir George," and the car moved off down the hill.

Steady, you blithering fathead! How many more people do you want to knock down?"

Mellor put his head out of the car, and broke in on him. "Come here, my man; I want a word with you. I wish to thank——" he stopped suddenly and sank back in his seat with a white face. "My God! it's Jim—after eight years—and *then in a husky voice, "Jim, what are you doing here?"*

Sir George had noticed every detail of this startling episode, and, with that wonderful tact which characterized him throughout his career, he said:

"Well, Mellor, ask your friend inside. Remember he has saved your life, and —you may entirely disregard my presence."

Mellor thanked the First Sea Lord with a look from his wonderful eyes, and said:

"Come, Jim, don't fear. I know what is in your mind—and—I promise—what you are wanting to know." Turning to the Admiral he said: "This man, sir, is my younger brother!"

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Mellor——"

"No, sir, not Mellor—Hammond."

The car stopped outside the Admiralty, and as Sir George stepped out he whispered to Mellor:

"If you care to take your brother to my private room, No. 47, New Building, for a chat, do so. Come and see me when you have finished, in, say, thirty minutes' time."

In less than half-an-hour, Commander Mellor was ushered into the chief's room.

"If you can spare me ten minutes, sir, I have a piece of information that may be worth a lot."

"Certainly, Mellor—go ahead," was the reply, and Mellor told this story:

"My younger brother, Sir George, was always rather a worry to the family, and eventually my father was forced to cut him off from all further participation in the advantages of our home. For a year he disappeared, but, suddenly, one afternoon he came back, and, after stealing five hundred pounds, he fled—leaving my mother unconscious, and my father, an old man, with a broken arm. I tell you this, Sir George, because I know you will respect my confidence, and because, since you must have guessed there is a mystery somewhere, I desire to set your mind at rest by letting you know the facts. Let me say, too, that I do so at the express wish of my brother.

"Now for the last eight years, until two months ago, indeed, he has been a rover on the face of the earth, living how and where he could. Then war broke out, and within a week of the destruction of the German Fleet, and the institution of the blockade of the enemy's coast-line, we learnt of the successful running-in of a cargo of coal. Ten days later a second shipload got through—where from, and how has puzzled us sorely. And, finally, last week, a third ship—or the same vessel a third time—manages to get through the lines. You will wonder what this has to do with my brother. I will tell you—he is first mate of that ship!"

"Lord! what a pluck," muttered the Admiral.

"Well, sir, it's not entirely that. He had to live and, knowing he had placed himself outside the sympathy of his former friends in England, he cared little what work he undertook so long as it brought him in a living."

"Humph," growled Sir George, "a pretty patriot. And now I suppose he is waiting to steam in with a fourth lot of coal!"

"Yes, and no, sir. My brother has learned something of Germany's intentions, and a feeling of remorse at the part he has played up till now has set him thinking. Our blockade, as is well known, is precarious. Austria and Italy are preparing a coup in the South, and it has been believed that the remnant of Germany's fleet would make a dash out at the time we detach the vessels necessary to ensure our success in the Mediterranean. I say 'has been believed,' because now I learn it is a fact."

Sir George made a note on a scribbling block. "Go on," he said.

"Now Germany has three Dreadnoughts completing and five repairing, in addition to six other battleships of older type. Their great lack has been coal, still is, for such supplies as the best steam coal; and their every ton—of course I speak generally—is stacked at Wilhelmshaven awaiting the arrival of the warships from Kiel. They have there, my brother says, a stock of 180,000 tons of the stuff, and not much more than 5,000 tons of smokeless outside this to the whole of Germany. Block the nine runners, the Mannheim, has taken in 37,000 tons in three trips, and other ships have slipped in with a further 53,000 tons between them, or half the available amount. If, now, we can destroy the whole of this huge pile and, at the same time, learn the means of preventing the further addition to stock by blockade runners, we shall be placing our opponents in a very unpleasant position, shall we not, sir?"

"Certainly, Mellor, but—how do you propose accomplishing this?"

"That is where my brother comes in, Sir George. Let me go across with him on the next trip—give me a free hand to pick twenty men to go with us. Better still, sir, why not assure the Mannheim getting through—make a pretence of chasing her, say?—and let us damage that coal?"

"Can't be done, Mellor—can't be done; you're too valuable; moreover, the Admiralty can't excuse my blunt question) of your brother?"

"I'll take the responsibilities there, Sir George. Of all the family I alone knew Jim well, and he's not bad at heart. Do let me try it, sir?" he pleaded.

Sir George thought for a minute, and then inquired the date of the venture.

"March 11th, you say, Mellor. Well, have it your own way, but burn two diagonal lights, a blue and a red on your counter going in, and we'll arrange a realistic pursuit. One more word—if you get out again and are pressed, send up three red rockets and we'll have something standing by to help you."

Commander Mellor had a long yarn with his brother, which resulted, three days later, in an evening visit of the two of them, plus twenty picked men whom Mellor knew for staunch and true Britons, to the Mannheim. This craft gave no sign of her real character—a huge, towering collier of 12,000 tons burthen, and named—the Lily. The next move was entirely illegal. The captain, a Dane, was seized in his cabin and locked up with the engineers. As a *learned of this outside its forbidding grey walls, things can be done very secretly if great causes are being served.*

Two junior officers and the three engineers, all Britishers, whose opinion Jim Mellor had long ago discovered, readily entered into such items of the scheme as were made known to them. Also a pardon was promised them for their participation in acts which, they realized, were fully known to the officials. The only other important step was the shipping of two powerful rotary pumps driven by petrol, several lengths of steel hose, and, lastly, many hundred gallons of petroleum itself in the double bottom of the ship.

The Lily (ex-Mannheim, and her name changed at each trip) pushed off into the tide of that dirty northern harbor at 8.30 on the evening of March 11th. Two lights, a red and a blue, placed diagonally, hung from her stern rail. And next day this paragraph appeared in the London press:

MORE SUCCESSFUL BLOCKADE RUNNING

By Special Wire

"Tuesday, March 12th.—News is just to hand of another successful attempt to rush the blockade. At 4.30 this morning, the third-class cruiser Blonde sighted a huge ship steaming without lights, and at once fired a shot across her bows. The stranger sheered off, and steamed for the shore at great speed. The Blonde, assisted by the Glasgow, and three destroyers—the Basilisk, Acorn, and Nereide, gave chase, but the daring enemy managed to baffle her pursuers, and eventually was lost sight of in the gathering fog. This is the fourth time this vessel—and little doubt can remain that it is the same ship—has successfully broken through the line of containing ships."

As the Lily drew up level with the wharves, Commander Mellor gazed with mighty interest at the huge stacks of coal lying piled forty feet high and more for several hundred yards along the shore. Here, indeed, was a store worth its weight in gold to Britain's enemies. His brother, Hammond, as he was called, had taken command—and would introduce Mellor as his new chief mate—that matter was simple. Strange it was enough, to see Mellor's handful of blue-jackets lounging about the grimy decks, as dirty and slovenly in dress and appearance as could anywhere be found, that comes amiss to the Great Sea Service.

Hammond swung the big ship round before warping her up—twere well to point her seawards. A hundred men awaited them ashore, and a hail came out from across the murky tide.

"Ahoy! Congratulations on successful passage. Dank Himmel! it is the last we shall require."

Mellor soon became friends with the loquacious German officer who received them—and the latter, on his part, after congratulating Hammond on getting command of the ship, praised his choice of first officer. All that long Tuesday coal was lugged out of the Lily's capacious holds, and packed tightly beside the thousands of tons already awaiting use. Meantime, the crew of the collier strolled listlessly about the yard, and, incidentally, managed to drop twelve large iron keys (whereby in case of fire water was turned on at the various main fire-plugs) into the sea. Admirable work!

As night came on the ship's hold showed signs of the activity used in clearing her—Temperley transporters had not been invented for nothing. At midnight, one of the four German watchmen noticed a column of smoke rising from amongst the newly-landed coal. He hailed the Lily—a hose was promptly run out from the black side and the pumps set in motion. A strong stream of water shot forth, and instantly the little outbreak was quelled. A man tore down from headquarters.

"The captain wants to know what that engine is working for?" he inquired.

"Tell him to boil his head," said Hammond, "and be docced thankful we've got some hose handy to stop the trouble. Tell him, too, that our cargo got a bit warm, and I intend scousing the whole of it for an hour or so. I'll answer the temperature."

"Got!" said the messenger. "Dat vas quite all right. I vill tell cem."

"And don't forget that bit about boiling his head!" yelled Hammond. Then, turning to his brother, he said: "They expect sauce from us tramps."

The four watchmen were strolling round and round their heaps of coal quite unconcerned; they knew that the Englishmen had placed themselves outside their own by blockade-running, and trusted them, therefore, through a process of negative reasoning.

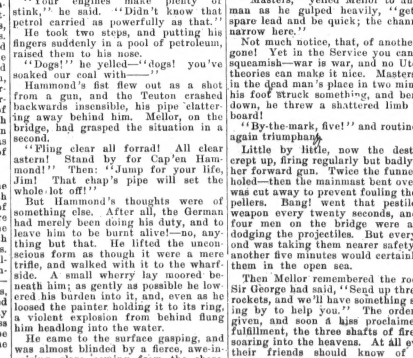
"Come aboard and try our beer, sonny," cried a man forrad in the deep coal-well aboft the fore-mast.

The watchman to whom this invitation was addressed hesitated, gave a glance to see if either of his companions was looking, and came on board.

Five of the Lily's crew sat about a soapbox, drinking from mugs. A few bottles of lager were between them, and from one of these, the cleanest and least dilapidated mug was filled, this being handed to the German.

"Der Tag!" he toasted, and drank it with the speed of long custom. He was nodding in three minutes, and helpless in six. In eight he lay like a log, drugged to unconsciousness, in a midship cabin.

It took a full hour to capture all four watchmen in the same way.



THE GREATEST SPORT IN THE WORLD

At 2.15 a.m. both pumps started working against the nearest heaps of coal. From their nozzles roared two solid streams of—pure petroleum!

And as this operation proceeded, the slow revolutions of the two propellers drove the great vessel gently and almost imperceptibly along the wharf. By four o'clock hundreds of tons of crude oil were percolating through the heaps of steam coal.

Mellor was just giving instructions to house the hose, the pumps having been stopped, when steps were heard, and a man in uniform came running towards them.

"Why have you moved?" he cried, as he came up. "You were several hundred yards back there," and he pointed with his lighted pipe.

"We wanted to water all the coal," said Hammond, striving towards him. As he went he motioned all his men to get on board. The movements of this man, an entirely unexpected factor in the situation, were very suspicious. He was sniffing the air as Hammond reached him.

"Your engines make plenty of stink," he said. "Didn't know that petrol carried as powerfully as that."

He took two steps, and putting his fingers suddenly in a pool of petroleum, raised them to his nose.

"Dogs!" he yelled—"dogs! you've soaked our coal with——"

Hammond's fist flew out as a shot from a gun, and the Teuton crashed backwards insensible, his pipe clattering away behind him. Mellor, on the bridge, had grasped the situation in a second.

"Fling clear all forrad! All clear astern! Stand by for Cap'en Hammond!" Then: "Jump for your life, Jim! That chap's pipe will set the whole lot off!"

But Hammond's thoughts were of something else. After all, the German had merely been doing his duty, and to leave him to be burnt alive!—no, anything but that. He lifted the unconscious form as though it were a mere trifle, and walked with it to the wharfside. A sea-chest stood near; under he neath him; as gently as possible he lowered his burden into it, and, even as he loosed the painter holding it to its ring, a wash from the ship fell behind flung him headlong into the water.

He came to the surface gasping, and was almost blinded by a fierce, awe-inspiring glare coming from the shore. The coal was alight from end to end—a perfect cataclysm of roaring, scarlet fire, a veritable hell of devouring flame!

Hammond blinked little at the cold water, and then realized two things: First, his face was almost peeling with the heat; and, secondly, the collier was drifting further and further away.

He ducked his head and grew faint as the cold water contrasted with the former intense heat. He struck out manfully, and then, suddenly as the explosion that had cast him into the sea, lost count of time, space, and being.

Yet a distant cry appeared to call him —a voice spoke encouragingly—a form lay by him in the water—and no more memory than this——

. . . . . .

"Now, Jim, just one more swig!"

Hammond sat up and realized that something was burning his throat—yet something of wondrous comfort when it got a bit lower. He pushed a wet hand across his forehead—"Fairly near, what?" he questioned.

"Gawd!" ejaculated the man, holding his head, "cool as a cowcumber and 'im fust blowed out 'er sea and then drownded! 'E ain't art a sort-drop!"

Hammond shook himself a bit, took another big gulp of brandy and stood up.

"How long have I been like this?" he asked.

His brother had gone, so P. O. Muggins made reply: "Abart seven minits, sir, and beggin' your pardin) we're in for it now, and no errer."

"Thank you, Muggins—then I had best go on deck."

He felt a bit shaky, and clung to things as he walked to the iron gangladder. A crisp report came from outside, and a steel bolt ripped through the cabin close to his back. He looked round and saw the folding table doubled in two. Muggins broke all rules and spat on the floor.

"Bit o' luck I ain't a table," he commented.

Bang! Bang! Hammond hung on and clenched his teeth. An eerie shriek of anguish sounded behind him, and turning he saw the gallant sailor writhing, blood-covered, on the splintered deck. He went back, all his weakness gone in the need for the dying pal's side. "Poor old pal," he said, "this is my fault."

The sailor drew his breath manfully and a smile lit his livid face.

"Don't take on, sir," he whispered, "it scems—as 'ow—me—an' the table —is quits!" Then Hammond bent his head low to the purple lips, "there's a photygraph—of—my little—gal—in—me toonic—and—'er address—our wedding"—was—ter be——"

A spasm of pain stopped his labored whispering. Hammond waited a brief moment and then, as he closed the dead eyes of another hero in his country's cause, he shook his fist in the direction from which the shot had come.

On deck—and scarce ten minutes had elapsed since he had been pulled, unconscious, from the water by poor Muggins and another—a curious scene presented itself. The night was lighted as clear as day with a wild, red glow. One

Little by little the enemy crept up—the Lily was now motionless. Mellor, Hammond, and the other officers, with the eight men were carefully hidden. Conversation might well be dangerous to their designs. The enemy hailed—no reply. They came alongside—no sign. A few crept on deck—not a movement. Twenty-eight of them got on board—and then—well, Irish hustlings in the old days would have been quiet comparison with that which followed. The twenty-and-eight, joined by twelve more, were rushed on by twenty-and-four—by twenty-and-four determined, courageous Britishers.

Hammond shot one man with his revolver, threw a second overboard into the sea, and closed with a third. Just as a cry announced the quick end of his opponent's head backwards—and broke his neck! Someone slashed at his left side with a cutlass—he drove his fist into a Teuton face, and then made to help Mellor. Mellor had slipped in a pool of gore, and a burly German lay across him, gripping his throat. In such circumstances the quickest measures are best. Hammond—once an International footballer—nearly kicked the man's head into his body. Elsewhere things were moving; yet more and more men came from the destroyer to help their comrades.

Matters were going badly with the little force, and bit by bit they were driven back. Just as the situation seemed hopeless, a loud clatter arose from the opposite side to that to which the destroyer was moored. Mellor, fighting desperately with a German cutlass picked up from a fallen foe, started violently as he heard a loud order in unmistakable English:

"Now, lads—up you go——"

And, sure enough, in ten seconds a score of stout tars clambered over the side, and with yells of hostility, rushed at the disconcerted Teutons; these latter, already sadly decimated, had enough fight, and fled to the support of their destroyer.

A young lieutenant came up to Mellor:

"Better desert the old ship, sir," he said, "the DIS clears plenty of room for what's left of you"—and he looked around.

Hammond, Mellor, an engineer, and nine petty-officers and men—that was all; out of twenty-seven who had left England! So it came about that whilst the last German was clambering over the port-side of the collier to starboard, the little English force was climbing slowly on board the large submarine that so opportunely had come to the rescue. Away in the distance were looming shapes—searchlights playing fitfully, and the rattle of quick-firers split the dark silence of the night with unkind clamor. The glare of the burning coal had somehow drawn the enemy from their fastnesses, and fighting was in progress. Hammond looked for the hostile destroyer, who was steaming back whence she had come. The Teuton stomach is *strike—but slowly and deliberately engines got to work; the twin propellers swung—"D" class craft of the sinking collier, and, the Lily (ex Mannheim) gave a violent lurch, boggled giddily on the wash of the vanishing destroyer and slid deliberately down the waves.

And with the Lily disappeared for all time the hopes of world-dominance that had driven the Teuton race to war. It was a mere tale of coal!

THE WORLD'S OLDEST SHORT STORY

WHAT is generally regarded as "the oldest story in the world," was recently translated for the London Spectator from an ancient Egyptian manuscript in the State museum at St. Petersburg. The argument of how the story came to be set down is as follows:

"A certain prince has returned safely to Egypt from a perilous voyage to the parts beyond Nubia, but cannot share the joy of his crew because upon him rests the dread duty of making a report before the majesty of Pharoah. An old sailor, who has accompanied the prince as body-servant, in vain to hearten him by an account of a similar expedition which ended in a very different manner."

Be glad, O prince! See, we have reached the capital; they have taken the mallet and driven in the mooring stake, and the ship's cable has been laid on land. They praise and thank God, and every man embraces another. Our soldiers have returned in safety; not one of our warriors is lost, for all that we reached the uttermost parts of Nubia, and have now passed the island of Seumet. See now, we have come home in peace; we have reached our own land!"

I will recount to thee, therefore, a like thing which happened to myself when I journeyed to a mine of the king, and went down into the mine in a ship of one hundred and fifty cubits in length and forty cubits in width. Therein were one hundred and fifty sailors, of the best in Egypt. They looked on the sky, they looked on the land, and their hearts were stouter than those of lions.

They mouthed a storm before it had come; and foul weather was as yet it was not. The storm broke while we were upon the sea, before we could reach land. Then the wind arose, making a clamorous sound, and therein with it a wave of eight cubits. There was a piece of wood against which I struck; but the ship perished. As to those that were therein, dead lips lanuh. And the side was more splendid than the front.

He opened his mouth to me while I was upon my stomach before him, and said to me: "Who has brought thee, who has brought thee, little one, who has brought thee. If thou hasten not to say who has brought thee to this island, I give the to know that thou shalt be in ashes, becoming somewhat that cannot be seen. Speakest thou to me? I hear it not. I am before thee, and thou knowest it not." He took me in his mouth and bore me off to his resting-place, and laid me down without harming me. I remained whole, and nothing was taken from me.

He opened his mouth to me while I was upon my stomach before him. He said to me: "Who has brought thee, who has brought thee, little one, who has brought thee to this island of the sea, of which naif is in the waves?"

I answered him, my arms being bent before him, and said to him: "I am he that went down to a mine on a mission of the king, in a ship of one hundred and fifty cubits in width. Therein were one hundred and fifty sailors, of the best in Egypt. They looked on the sky, they looked on the land, and their hearts were stouter than those of lions."

I said to him: "I shall tell the king of thy might, and make him to be aware of thy greatness. I shall cause to be brought unto thee fine oils, and choice perfumes, and the incense of the temples, whereby every god is gladdened. I shall thereby make what things have befallen me, and what I have seen through his might. God will be praised for thee in the city, before the officials of the whole land."

Then he laughed at me, and at what I had said as a thing foolish in his heart. He said to me: "Of myrrh has thou not much; all thou knowest is but common incense. But know that I am the Prince of Arabia, and the myrrh therein is mine. And that all which thou saidst should be brought to the chief thing of this island. And if thou depart from this place thou wilt never more see this island; it will change into waves."

That all came to pass as he had foretold. I walked away and climbed a high tree, and recognized those that were within it. I went then to announce it, but I found them aware thereof. He said to me: "Farewell, farewell, little one; to thy house, and see thy children. 'cause my name to be good in thy city; see, that is all I desire of thee!"

I cast myself on my stomach, with my arms bent before him. And he gave me a shipload of myrrh, fine oil, divers perfumes, eye-paint, the tail of giraffes, a great sack of incense, the tusks of elephants, greyhounds, monkeys, apes, and all manner of good and costly things.

I loaded that ship with all. Then I cast myself upon my stomach to thank him, he said to me: "See, thou wilt reach the capital in two months, thou wilt embrace thy children, thou wilt grow young again at the capital, and thou wilt be buried."

And it came to pass.

I went down to the shore, where that ship was, and called to the warriors who were in the ship. I gave praise upon the shore to the lord of this island, and those that were in the ship did likewise.

We voyaged, sailing northward, toward the capital of the king, and arrived at the capital in two months, exactly as he had said. I entered the presence of the king and took to him those gifts which I had brought from the capital from this island. He thanked me before the officials of the whole land. I was made [illegible] my sons in my children into my possession. Look on me, who reached home after what I had seen and experienced. Harken to me: Behold, it is good for men to harken!

SOME WONDERFUL WATERFALLS

THE United States is not the only country which is devoting attention to the development of its water-power. What in France is called "white coal"—as opposed to the black coal of the mines as the source of power —is being carefully studied and conserved in every civilized country of the world. Nations hitherto denied a place in the centre of industrial prosperity, owing to mineral poverty, are finding a compensating factor in long-neglected water-powers.

And there never can be, of course, anything in the nature of a monopoly. Picturesque waterfalls, from almost a half-mile in height down to but a few feet, are to be found scattered over various parts of the globe. The Staubbach Cascade in the Alps is estimated as one of the most lofty waterfalls in the world. It is twenty-four hundred feet high.

The waters of the Yosemite River, in California, fall more than twenty-six hundred feet, but this takes place in two principal cascades, one of about fifteen hundred feet and one of four hundred feet.

The Oroco Falls of Monte Rosa, in Italy, are said to be about twenty four hundred feet high.

The Gavarnie Falls, in the Pyrenees, are fourteen hundred feet.

The Falls of Staubach, in Switzerland, are more than a thousand feet high.

The Natchikin Falls, in Kamchatka, are nine hundred feet high.

The Ruikanfoss, or Smoking Fall, in the Maan River, in Norway, is eight hundred and five feet high.

The Kaieteur Fall, on Potaro River in British Guiana, South America, is seven hundred and forty feet high.

The Falls of Terni, near Rome are three hundred feet high.

The Montmorency Falls, at Quebec, Canada, are two hundred and fifty feet in height.

The Shoshone Falls, on the Snake River, in Idaho, are more than two hundred feet high.

Niagara Falls are about one hundred an sixty-five feet high. They are famous, not so much on account of their height, as for the great volume of water which passes over them.

The Falls of the Rhine, at Schaffhausen, are nearly one hundred feet in height.

The Missouri Falls, in New Jersey, are seventy-two feet.

The Passaic alls, in New Jersey, are seventy-one feet.

The Nile Cataracts, in Upper Egypt are forty feet.

MARK TWAIN, in the course of a speech, talked of his pet aversion. "Christian Science," he said, "reminds me of the apple cure for drunkenness. In Hannibal, in my boyhood, the apple cure was highly esteemed. I remember once hearing the Hannibal town drunkard expatiate on the apple cure. 'You believe in it, then, do you, Hank?' a listener asked. 'Believe in it? How can I help believin' in it?' the drunkard said, excitedly. 'Ain't it cured me eight times?'"

ECCENTRIC PREACHING OF OLD

By John De Morgan

IN the days of the Puritans, preachers used to berate their congregations in language far stronger than would be tolerated at the present day. In those days, and, in fact, up to the beginning of the nineteenth century, the preachers were almost despotic in their treatment of their flocks.

A very eccentric and "muscular" Christian preacher lived in Bristol about two centuries ago. He was given to preaching long sermons, and, in case any of his congregation fell asleep, did not hesitate to leave the pulpit, go through the church to the offender, and give him a "sound "drubbing." He would then return to the pulpit and conclude his discourse.

On one occasion the congregation summoned up courage enough to wait upon him and ask him to preach sermons of more moderate length. He assured them that he would take the subject into consideration.

On the following Sunday, when the hour came for the sermon, he quietly announced that he would give them a "short subject." His text, he said, was from the eighth verse of the eighteenth chapter of Luke: "Nevertheless."

His text was a short one, but the sermon continued far past the usual hour and still the stream of eloquence flowed on, the congregation wondering whether it would ever stop. After the sermon had continued half an hour longer than his previous longest sermon, he said:

"And now I know you are all fretting and grumbling because your dinners are spoiling at home, but nevertheless I shall go on."

It was useless to resent his wearying flow of words, and the people dared not leave the church until the benediction was pronounced, for the penalty was an hour in the stocks in the public marketplace, in addition to a heavy fine.

After a few sermons of extraordinary length a complaint was made to the bishop, not only about the long sermons, but the very personal matter often introduced. The bishop assigned his chaplain and the archdeacon to put on layman's clothes, go quietly into the church, and take back a report.

The offending rector found out, by some means, that the two clergy were present, disguised, and he was equal to the occasion, taking for his text: "Ye are spies; to see the nakedness of the land ye are come."—Genesis xlii, 9.) The sermon was really very eloquent, forceful, and pertinent, not too long nor so brief that the delegation could think it had been specially shortened. The report went to the bishop that the rector was not to blame, but that the people were cantankerous, and, no doubt, stood in need of personal preaching.

A few months later this eccentric divine had to preach a funeral sermon on a very cold day at a long distance from his parish-church. On such occasions he usually had "revenge" on his hearers by preaching an extra long sermon. This funeral was an exception, for a verbatim report of the sermon, which has been handed down in the "Church History of the Diocese of Bath and Bristol," was as follows:

"You will find my text, brethren, in the words: 'Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble.'

"My brethren, the weather is cold, the nights are long, the roads are bad, and we have a considerable distance to go; wherefore, I shall sum up my discourse in a few words, which may easily be retained in your memories.

"Let us, then, from the passage read consider: First, man's ingress into the world; secondly, man's progress through the world; and, lastly, man's egress out of the world.

"Firstly of the first: Man's ingress into the world is naked and bare;

"Secondly: His progress through the world is with sorrow and care;

"Lastly: His egress out of the world is nobody knows where.

"To conclude: If we live well here, we shall do well there;

"And I could tell you no more, if I preached a whole year."

This sermon, though short and to the point, is still longer than the memorable one preached by Sydney Smith in St. Paul's Cathedral on the occasion of a special banquet for funds for the poor during a time of great distress. The witty dean ascended the pulpits stairs and gave out his text: "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord." He paused, repeated the text, and then, facing the vast congregation, said: "If any of you like the security, down with the dust." And in those few words he made the most eloquent appeal ever uttered from that pulpit.

The eccentric divine of Bristol on one occasion came to blows with several parishioners and beat them. On the next Sunday he preached from the text: "And I contended with them, and cursed them, and smote certain of them, and plucked off their hair."—Nehemiah xiii, 25.)

John Knox was very plain spoken in the pulpit. One Sunday, when preaching before Queen Mary of Scotland, he announced that he should take two passages of Holy Scripture as his text, and looking straight at one of the courtiers, who was very obnoxious to the divine, he read: "Judas went out and hanged himself."

And then, without moving his gaze from the courtier, added: "Go thou and do likewise."

KINDNESS UNTOLD

A LADY residing in the suburbs crossed the lawn sloping to the foot of the hill in front of her home. As she passed down the walk, a heavy team turned the corner of the road. The driver, a man with a weather-beaten face, reined his horses.

"Wait a minute, boys," he said kindly, "and get your wind. It's a hard road. Now, you've got it. Go ahead."

The lady glanced with sympathetic interest at the work-worn figure. Even the sunshine seemed brighter as she walked on down the hill. A little kindly thought from a gentle heart, and the entire face of things assumed a radiant glow.

Such thoughts multiplied, requiring but a little effort at understanding of the other's need, would go far toward smoothing the problem that perplexes us all.

The pedestrian copied the address on the wagon that she might notify the owner, a brick manufacturer, of the driver's kindness to the horses.

FASHIONS AND FANCIES

THE restaurant gown is an especially important factor in the wardrobe of every woman who spends the winter in a city. She wants a gown which can be worn to dinner in the fashionable cafe or to the theatre, because so many people entertain their guests in one of the leading hotels or restaurants. There is a very popular one of satin and lace flouncing. It is cut in the princess style of lining satin. Over this is gathered a skirt of lace flouncing with a casing on that under side of the skirt half way up through which a ribbon is run and tied on the side. Allover lace forms the back and front of the chemisette and gold lace on either side gives the surplice effect that is becoming noticeable in the Parisian gowns. The one-piece overdress and waist of satin is heavily embroidered in silk and gold. The same motifs are repeated upon the half-sleeves and backs



Coat of Braided Filo Net, Bound in Satin

of the tunics. With the restaurant gown comes the broad hat with its charming outline. Many of the new hats which are showing the spring styles avoid the abrupt flares of the brim and curve more into the crown, rising higher most in back. Illusion bows and pins with heads of Irish lace are to be ultra-fashionable. There is a tendency for the heaviest of the trimming to be at the back of the hat.

A quaint little evening gown for a young woman is shown by a smart ladies' wear designer. Chiffon was used over a lining of satin. The skirt has two gathered flounces of chiffon. The upper flounce is gathered under a broad band of lace insertion and the skirt is gathered into the belt. The yoke is of allover lace and the sleeve ruffles of edging. The girdle is of satin. The surplice drapery is full on the left side and plain on the right. The elbow sleeves are fulled on the seams. A rose made of soft pink satin ribbon confines the fichu folds.

The street suit may be developed in serge or cashmere. These suits, which will prove popular in the browns and blues, will be trimmed in self-colored velvet of a darker shade in bands. The style is of the Russian blouse order, opening in front, with the sleeves in the plain shirt-sleeve style. The collar is rolling and the belt is of the same material, fastened with a dull silver clasp. The skirt is circular and laps in front, with machine stitching as the only trimming.

* * *

Petticoats are in high favor again. Every variety, beginning with the lingerie petticoat and ending up with the plain tub skirt of gingham or zephyr, is in demand. The latter is bound to increase if the fashions promised for 1910 arrive.

Generally speaking, the new petticoat is a flounce from the knee down, and the flounce, plaited or otherwise constructed, flares full at the bottom. Tops are constantly being improved in their shape and fitting, and while the many patent adjustable tops are more or less convenient and adopted, it is the petticoat with the close fitted top and the usual traditional tie tapes that is offered and taken in the greatest number.

There is evidence that changeable taffeta is in favor with the consumer for the spring petticoat. This is gratifying from two points of view—it makes the petticoat a reined garment and brings back an old friend in the material.

Cotton taffetas, which include all high grade silk-finished and thoroughly beetled percalines, are growing in favor for petticoats, and, according to one manufacturer of them, are in black, interfering with the sale of silk taffeta for petticoats. Their fine appearance, moderate price and serviceability are powerful arguments in their favor, and petticoats made of cotton taffeta are therefore in universal demand. In style they duplicate the best numbers in the silk lines and are fully as effective.

* * *

London drapers insist that the are going to claim the honor of indelibly marking the New Year in my lady's calendar as the season which brought in something new under the sun in the handkerchief line. To this end they have induced Dame Fashion to pet her stamp of disapproval on the white handerkerchief, and if they have their way its place is to be taken by the finest lawn handkerchiefs in colors to match the gown. As an example, it may be understood by mere man that the most popular shades anticipated are to be heliotrope, "butcher blue"—whatever that is—and a "tomato red."

"Even lace no longer is to be popular on handkerchiefs," explained a leading West End draper. "Its place surely will be taken by delicate hand-worked embroideries. The most elaborate patterns are to be employed, such as a flight of butterflies right across the handkerchief, or a little basket of flowers in the corner of a square of lawn, the 'posies' being worked in their natural colors. Colored flower embroidery on the corners of handkerchiefs is to be very much in vogue. Little wreaths of deep green shamrock, clusters of violets, sprays of forgot-me-nots and the most beautiful many-colored pansies are to be seen."

Meantime it would seem that man will have to meet this riot of color by declaring himself for the old-fashioned red bandana.

* * *

The reticules, smart leather bags, immense purses, have made way for the Directoire bag. This is now used as it was in the days of its pristine glory for all social occasions after the noon hour.

They are most convenient. More so than the bag of leather, because they have not its stiffness, its unwieldy bulk. It is more ornamental than those of hide and it harmonizes with the costume in an artistic way.

* * *

It has taken the place of the chain bag of silver and gold, though, of course, women who own these hundred dollar luxuries will not give them up, though they will add the Directoire bag to their costume in the evening when a metal bag is out of place.

One fashionable form is made of beaded silk, with the metal clasp at top and deep fringe at the bottom. This has a silken cord to go over the arm. Simpler ones are made of old brocade with silk fringe and a gathered top with silk cord.

Black velvet ones for afternoon are heavily embroidered in jet and edged with jet fringe; others are of all-over jet lined with cloth-of-gold or silver.

There are alluring ones for debutantes made of gold galloon and cloth-of-gold profusely trimmed with satin roses in Watteau tints. This has a gathered heading and a double silken cord. Others of cloth-of-silver with a huge brilliant rose with outspread leaves as its ornament.

Extra smart ones are made of etoffs ancienne, which has been revived from medieval times. This is a heavy brocade with gold and silver threads woven through it. It is heavily trimmed with rusty gold medallions or the bees of Napoleon or the Empire wreath, with one's initial in the middle.

* * *

These Directoire bags can be made at home. If one wishes them mounted to a rim of metal at the top it is quite easy and not too expensive to have it done. This is more in keeping with the Directoire style, but the method of the Moyen-Age still prevails; this has the gathered top confined with the silken cords, which end in tassels of silk of bullion.

Fringe is on all of them. It may be the heavy gold kind that one expects to find in Italian palaces, or the soft silken kind that is always with us. Colored crystals, pearls and rhinestones are strung on silk thread and used in profusion.

* * *

The usefulness of these bags comes in the fact that they may be carried when leather bags or metal ones would not be appropriate. One takes them to the play, to the restaurant dinner or supper, to the opera and out to dinner and card parties.

The darker ones of ancient brocade, cloth-of-silver, jet and velvet are carried to the matinee, to a luncheon. At none of these places is a leather hang-bag appropriate, and great numbers of women cannot afford the gold and silver ones, therefore these lesser-priced, but most ornamental ones, fill the need.

* * *

The military note is strong among the street costumes of Paris. The two and three cornered hats of Napoleon made their way first, and then followed all manner of garments carrying the insignia of battle, or at least of standing armies.

Soldier clothes are at their best in cloth, although the velvet costume has borrowed a gay trapping now and again. The court suit glitters with gold frogs and brass buttons, and the one-piece frock has a "one-sided" martial fastening. The fur coat has taken on regimental lines, and the military cape is found in evening materials for the opera and in cravenetted surface for stormy winter days.

Brass buttons abound, the loose leather belt hangs low, suggesting a place for the sabre; and gold fringe may be found for the looking.

The so-called blouse of the Russians is a Cossack uniform, and it is not straining a point to decorate it with straps and buttons.

Dinner and opera gowns alone have escaped this touch of the soldiery, but its predominance at every other point in the costuming of women has made up for that one omission.

* * *

On the fur coat are shown metallic buttons fastened up each side of the front, a braided belt, a straight collar, metal trimmed. This is equaled in correct outline by cloth street suits, the skirts of which are straight and plain (far more like trousers than a plaited skirt would be) and the coats of which resemble closely the best military cut. They are strapped across the chest with wide or narrow braids; they are fastened with regular army frogs or they are decorated with horizontal bands of narrow fur from button to button down the double-breasted centre panel.

* * *

Embroidery and curious cross-stitching in coarse yarn are used to repeat the customary Cossack decoration on Russian belted-in frocks and coats, while the beloved one-piece frock, which even an army cannot wrest from us, still retains the moyen-age cuirass outline, although it is rendered military by a strange jumble of side fastening and brass buttons with its medieval hand-embroidery.

* * *

It is English, and a custom which many women on this side have adopted, to look carefully to the gaiters when out for a walk.

They are checked and are worn to match the covered hat. Blue and white gaiters look smart with a blue turban; grey and white with grey, brown and black with brown, and so on through the variety of tones of this winter's millinery.

This "mania for matching," as one observing man called it, necessitates a good supply of gaiters, but the possession of a variety gives a certain distinct individuality to the outfit of a woman.



Perfect Harmony in Cut and Combination of Color

The luxury of tailless ermine is seen in a closely fitting auto bonnet which is beautifully soft and warm.

It is made after the fashion of a huge baby's cap, with a turned-back portion of the fur.

Soft chiffon laid in folds lines the cap next to the face and chiffon streamers tie this lovely hood to the head. These are topped with fluffy fur pompoms, which give an airy finish to this model.

The military style in another pleasant form of the best turban. Felt of the softest quality has been turned up at the sides in back and held in place by a broad band of velvet ribbon. Notice the point in front and curved side line. The cabochon of feathers is exactly the ornament for this type.

All of these new forms are closely fitting, and should be placed well down upon the hair. Their charm is indubitable, and women who aim at a certain dashy line in headgear will seize this latest idea with eagerness and profit by its beauty.

* * *

Brussels lace or fine, cobwebby malines can be fashioned into flowers and spread in this form on the dark softness of a fur hat.

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EAST BOUND.

No. 214	Passenger, daily.	1.35 a.m.
No. 236	Local Passenger, daily. (except Sunday)	16.06 p.m.
No. 8	Soo-Portland, daily.	2.52 a.m.

WEST BOUND.

No. 213	Passenger, daily.	2.30 a.m.
No. 235	Local Passenger, daily. (except Sunday)	12.05 p.m.
No. 7	Soo-Portland, daily.	4.00 a.m.

The Churches

ANGLICAN

ST. THEODORE'S CHURCH.—Morning Prayer, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 3 p.m. Evening Prayer, 7.30 p.m. Holy Communion, 11 a.m. first Sunday in each month and 8.30 a.m. on third Sunday in the month.

L.D.S.

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER DAY SAINTS.—Sunday School at 10 a.m. every Sunday. Sacrament meeting at 2 p.m. Sunday evening service at 8 p.m. Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, every Tuesday at 7.30 p.m. Primary Association every Saturday at 3 p.m.

PRESBYTERIAN.

KNOX CHURCH.—Morning Service, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 2.30 p.m. Bible Class, 3.30 p.m. Evening Service, 7.30 p.m. Prayer meeting, Wednesday, 8 p.m.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1910

Well now! Is this talk about the Free Press going out of business, and being defunct, and hollering for help, never to let up? Admitting that—as one man put it this week—the paper and its former management have more than once been "over the hills to the poor house," yet the personell of a newspaper may—like the governments—change, and in the transfer take on new life and energy.

×

Really I am not worried except that it is not nice to have information regarding one's funeral handed out before the coffin has been ordered. No paper in Southern Alberta to-day is fighting against greater odds and with as fair a hope of life as we are. Really it might be well for a Royal Commission to look into the matter. They would find that we are in the field to stay, that the first thing done by the present management was to put our employees on a higher scale of wages—so that they could live like white men—renovate and improve our office, standardise our scale of prices for job work so that our plant and business would receive recognition as a concern, and set out on business lines for your interests and our own.

×

Now, because we are what we are we do not propose to be placed in a false position, or to have our credit injured by knocks, or statements having no foundation. As a knocker we also can do a few fine taps, we have served our time, taken out our diplomas, and if necessary it might be added that I am an Outlaw, and if the hammer is handed to us again why there'll be something doing.

×

The past week has been prolific of rumors to the effect that the hands of the present Council had been forced by the action of the C.P.R., refusing to hold to their agreement to furnish sufficient water for the city, and indeed, so pronounced has been the criticism that our kindly-intentioned contemporary in its last issue saw fit to pour out the vials of its sarcasm, taking little pains to disguise its intent.

×

All this is very interesting and was there sufficient truth in it to warrant discussion, would make extremely good newspaper argument. However the facts of the case cause the sensation to drop rather flat, and it may be well that these facts are forthcoming and are presently offered. To suggest a prelude it might be said in passing that little or no good is apparent in ill-concealed spite, and crude sarcasm when dealing or hoping to deal with the C.P.R. or its officials, or even the gentlemen who are dealing with the interests of a municipality, and who have been tendered the honor—and trouble—of caring for the people of a corporation.

×

If criticism is due—and most deliberations are subject to such—men of the calibre of municipal legislators will welcome honest criticism, but it is more than irritating to have suggestions, hints, and inferences thrown out about "hot air," "necessary explanations," and questionable methods."

×

The facts of the case as regards the water proposition are as follows: A letter is in possession of the Council from the officials of the C.P.R., stating that they are willing to enter into an agreement with the municipality for the water supply of Taber.

Acting on this they contracted for, and secured an elevator tank and piping for distribution.

When Supt. Taylor took charge of this division, he, not understanding fully the agreement with the Council, and caring for the interests of the company within his division, hesitated to sanction the pumping of water to the city tank until after their own supply was warranted. This is purely and positively a natural position for the gentleman to take in the premises. The C.P.R. is not in the water-supply business, and Supt. Taylor was on proscribed ground. This was the situation last week.

×

In the meantime, Mayor Douglas, hoping to have an adjustment of the matter satisfactory to both parties, visited Lethbridge, waited upon Supts. Price and Taylor and after going over the whole subject in review, arrangements were arrived at that were in every particular satisfactory to both parties.

×

Now enters the light-weight humorist with his chatter, and the C.P.R. officials, of the idea that the criticism was representative of the Council, hesitate to go further with the matter. However last week on the occasion of the visit of Supt. Price and Supt. Taylor to Taber, Dr. Leech interviewed them, explained the position, and although it has been quite impossible to locate the busy Doctor in order to secure a definite statement, yet it is understood that the matter was satisfactorily adjusted, an agreement between the Company and the city to be entered into at an early date.

This then is the position of the Council as regards the water supply at the present time.

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Any one who knows either Supts. Price, Maharg, or Taylor, knows that their word is as a signed bond, and so Taber may take content to herself, renew her faith in her Council, and hasten to forget the humorist.

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The Times man of Medicine Hat, in a column editorial, comments this week on "Sane Journalism," and quotes the Free Press in support of his contention that a certain amount of journalistic insanity seems to prevail both in that city and in Lethbridge. 'Dew tell.' The Times man has known of this for months, and for that time—owing to his peace-loving qualities—has been silent. Of late, however, he has been feeling his feet being more firmly planted, and it is an outlaw's belief that before long The Times will be the journalistic dictator in Medicine Hat, and honor in newspaperdom an acceptance in that fair city.

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John Herron, M.P. for Macleod, evidently spoke before he thought or else he was carried away by the music of his own voice when he declared that Laurier was too good to the American and that the Canadian agents at the border points were too lax and pandered to the Americans. Mr. Herron's words no doubt tickled the fancied ideas of the tory members of Ontario, who in their flighty moments would sell the country for the sake of presenting Britain with two magnificent Dreadnoughts as a token of our esteemed loyalty.—Coleman Miner.

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It took President Waterways Clark just two days to get to Edmonton when the trouble broke out in February, but of course, it will take him very, very much longer to get to Edmonton when the Royal Commission wants him to explain about the trouble, and what caused it all.—The Albertan.

St. Theodore's Church Concert.

An interesting social evening was given in Cousin's Hall last night, under the auspices of the Guild of St. Theodore's Church. The object was to give an opportunity for the members of the congregation and friends to meet together under social circumstances. The programme as arranged was not carried out to the full owing to the lack of a piano, but the songs were accompanied on the organ by Mrs. Vickery and Mrs. Tainter. The programme commenced with a mandoline solo by W. Coombs, followed by a solo by Miss Bullock, and little Kathryn Kidd with her doll. Just here a competition was announced in which the object was to make as many words as possible out of the two words "Love Alberta." Three minutes was the time allowed. The winner of the competition was Miss McDougall, with 37 words. Punctured cards were distributed and the corresponding numbers became partners. The ladies had prepared a good supply of refreshments, and for quantity and quality there was certainly nothing lacking in this respect. After refreshments were served the programme was resumed, as follows: Speech, Rev. D. Jones; Solo, Mrs. Vickery; Solo, Miss Long (encore); Solo, Grace Davis; Solo, Mrs. Mason; Speech, W. H. Leck; Solo, Mrs. Wilkinson; Solo, Mr. Cooper. The singing of the National Anthem concluded a pleasant evening.

Town Council

Council meeting on Wednesday night with Mayor Douglas in the chair and a full quota of aldermen present, excepting only Dr. Leech who has had his time occupied fully of late. A night's work was accomplished, several very important matters being disposed of.

A letter from A. P. Burns, contractor for the installation of the waterworks system, was read. Mr. Burns will begin operations on the system on Monday morning next. This will interest every person in this ambitious town. Mr. Ellwood will be the engineer in charge.

A letter from the Ontario Wind Engine Co. was laid on the table.

Another letter of interest was the one from Edmonton stating that the government had granted extended borrowing powers to the corporation.

A. P. Veale made a quotation for sidewalk, and constable Glover is to have a uniform and a raise in salary.

The more one hears of the discussions in this council room the greater the faith in the ability of our local legislators. If suggestions are in order it might be added that the people generally do not sufficiently recognise the importance of municipal legislation. Council meeting night in a growing centre like this should be ONE important night in the week, and the room should be full of ratepayers. Their presence would be appreciated. These Aldermen are doing business, doing it carefully, and intelligently and it is the business of the people to be interested.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

The Taber Free Press has all the news that's news.

Robt. McManus, of Sundial, was in town on Saturday.

Joseph J. Gregory arrived in town on Saturday from Horton, N.Y.

Mr. James Bateman has removed to his house in town this week.

Ed. McHugh and Chas. Taylor, of Grassy Lake, were business visitors to town this week.

D. W. Coulter is having a new sign put up outside his office over the new Bank of Hamilton.

The Taber Free Press: the paper that woke up. Subscribe for it.

D. W. Fullerton, of Mussonville, paid a visit to the Free Press Office while in town this week.

Robert Johnson, Blacksmith, of Barnwell, is in the line of progress. Read his Ad. in another column.

Owing to the illness of Dr. Nelson it will be impossible for Dr. Lake to visit Grassy Lake this Saturday.

D. H. Fowler, of New Rockford, North Dakota, called in at the Free Press Office and paid for a yearly subscription.

J. T. Smyth, H. W. G. Smyth and G. S. Garland, of Consecon, Ont., arrived in town on Tuesday and registered at the Royal.

A number of people from the Lost Lake district were in town this week, among whom were John N. Matheson and Wm. Roddy.

Readable and Reasonable. The Taber Free Press.

Archie McLean, M.L.A., is to be seen about the city in his every-day clothes, looking as natural as ever and seemingly enjoying the respite from his legislative duties.

The meeting of the Board of Trade for Friday night last was postponed owing to the illness and consequent absence of the President and Secretary. A meeting will be held on Friday night of this week.

If you read it in the Taber Free Press it has a meaning.

Service preparatory to communion will be held in the Presbyterian Church to-morrow evening (Friday) at 8 o'clock. The Lord's supper will be dispensed in the church at the morning service on Sunday.

Peter Cook, of Purple Springs, while visiting in town on Saturday, called at the Taber Free Press office and paid his subscription. Mr. Cook speaks well of the prospects in his district, and is looking forward to a good year.

Make the Taber Free Press your salesman.

The Rev. Mr. Munro and the chairman of the Board of Managers, H. H. MacLeay, of Knox congregation, are busy at present on plans for the new church. They report splendid progress in the contributions to this worthy cause, and the outline plans as shown the Free Press are very complete and seemingly thoroughly suitable.

A business change to report this week. Mr. Willard, late of the Canada West Mining Co., has purchased the interest of Mr. Ervine of the firm of Ervine and Todd, implement men. Mr. Ervine has not yet decided on his future movements, but is talking Coast investments. Take a sooner's advice Mr. Ervine, and stay on the prairie.

We own and have for sale at right prices more than 30 sections of choice land lying to the southeast of Taber and south of Grassy Lake. Always in the market for good wholesale tracts from owners. Write ATLANTIC-PACIFIC LAND SYNDICATE, head office, Minneapolis, or call main field office, 2nd Floor, Alberta Block, Lethbridge.

Take our word for it, we see the other fellow's papers as they come in to the exchange table. The Taber Free Press is leading all others, and we were born modest.

LACROSSE.

A meeting of the Taber Lacrosse Club, for the purpose of organizing for the coming season (1910) will be held on Tuesday evening, April 12th, in the Palace Hotel Parlor. As there is plenty of good material in town and district, Taber should make an attempt to enter the league this season and ought to be able to make a good showing. Everybody come to this meeting and boost along Canada's national game. Business men specially requested to attend. Taber Lacrosse Club have not lost a game during the last two years and should be able to keep up their reputation if everybody will take interest in the game. Don't forget the date and place—April 12th, in the Palace Hotel Parlor.

Social and Personal

On Thursday last the first important spring social function was held at the home of Mrs. V. S. Kidd when that lady, with Mrs. J. T. Willard, was At Home to eighty-five invited guests, seventy of whom availed themselves of the pleasures of the occasion.

Miss Kathryn Kidd, daughter of Mrs. Kidd, was at the door, and Mrs. Kidd and Mrs. Willard received and welcomed the guests.

Mrs. Powell and Mrs. Tainter entertained in the drawing room, while Mrs. Barton and Mrs. Beard served the refreshments, assisted by Misses Mabel Douglas, Marjorie Powell, and Constance Munro.

The toilettes of the whole company were in keeping with the importance of the function.

Owl Restaurant
Up-to-date Meals at all Hours
PRICES ON BILL OF FARE FOR MEALS
Barber Shop in Connection
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT
Hair tonic of all descriptions at reasonable prices
FIRST CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT
MR. & MRS. A. D. KNOX
Just east of Palace Hotel, Main Street Taber

PALM THEATRE
(Formerly Beck's Opera House)
Lessee and Manager—C. E. JUDSON
MOVING PICTURES
Every Night at 8 o'clock except Wednesday Night
CHANGE OF PROGRAMME EVERY NIGHT
DANCING CLASS
Under the direction of Mrs. Carl Judson
Wed. Night, 7.00-9.30
SOCIAL DANCE FROM 9.30 p.m. TO 1 a.m.

WHEAT LANDS — CITY PROPERTY
PERCY LAPUM LEACH 1910
Here's a Snap
Two lots 50x125 ft. and a cosy 3-roomed cottage. Built a year ago, and naturally in first class repair. Double boarded, with siding, tar paper and shiplap. Double floors, with No. 1 surface flooring. Ground all broken, and new fencing. Four blocks south of the track.
$600 and $100 cash will handle it.
MONEY TO LOAN INSURANCE
PERCY LAPUM LEACH
Phone 90. Office—Alberta Drug Block.

Pioneer Lumber Co. Ltd.
We carry a complete stock of the best in
LUMBER
AND
BUILDING MATERIAL
Come and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere
A square deal to everybody is our motto
W. S. RUSSELL - Manager

The Free Press Job Plant
WE HAVE BEEN ON TRIAL—
And we know it.
WE ARE MAKING GOOD—
And you know it.
WE DON'T INTEND TO "MARK TIME"—
You don't expect us to.
We are able to keep a little ahead of the progress of this prosperous little city, and we want to hold our place.
JOB PRINTING
Of the class that will help to
MAKE TABER FAMOUS

FORMALIN
FOR
Smut in Grain

We sell 16 ounces to the pint. You are sure of getting Good Strong Fresh Formalin from us.

Alberta Drug & Stationery Co., Hough St., Taber

Souvenirs ! !
SEE THE NEW
TABER FLAG PIN
25c. EACH
AT
WESTLAKE'S
Jewellery and Stationery Store

H. M. WHIDDINGTON, Strathcona. W. A. WHIDDINGTON, Lethbridge.

H. M. & W. A. WHIDDINGTON
REGD. ARCHITECTS
211, Sherlock Block, Lethbridge, Alta.

THE LOCAL IMPROVEMENT ACT, EDUCATIONAL TAX ACT, VILLAGE ACT AND THE SCHOOL ASSESSMENT ORDINANCE.

NOTICE is hereby given that under the provisions of The Local Improvement Act, Educational Tax Act, Village Act and The School Assessment Ordinance, a Judge of the Supreme Court has appointed WEDNESDAY, the 6th day of April, 1910, at Ten o'clock a.m., at the Court House in the City of Lethbridge, for the holding of a Court for confirmation of the Returns made under the provisions of Sections 91 of The Local Improvement Act in respect of the following Local Improvement Districts, viz:—

Local Improvement Districts Nos. 602 and 605.

And to Section 11 of The Educational Tax Act in respect of lands situated within the following area, viz:—

Townships 1 to 14 in Ranges 11 to 15, West of the 4th M.

Townships 1 to 17 in Ranges 16 and 17, West of the 4th M.

Townships 1 to 19 in Range 18, West of the 4th M.

Townships 1 to 19 in Ranges 19 to 22, West of the 4th M.

Townships 1 to 6 in Range 23, West of the 4th M.

Townships 1 to 3 in Range 24, West of the 4th M.

Townships 1 to 4 in Range 25, West of the 4th M.

Townships 1 and 2, and S.½ of 3 in Ranges 26 and 27, West of the 4th M.

Townships 1 and 2 in Ranges 28 and 29, West of the 4th M.

And of Section 67 of The Village Act in respect of the following Villages, viz:—

Village of Stirling and Village of Mountain View.

And of Section 19 of The School Assessment Ordinance in respect of the following School Districts, viz:—

School Districts Nos. 458, 510, 584, 825, 1145, 1329, 1381, 1404, 1455, 1464, 1528 and 1676.

Dated at Edmonton this 5th day of February, 1910

JNO. PERRIE,
Tax Commissioner,
Department of Public Works.

8 5t

FOR SALE

Be careful where you get your seeds. White seed oats for sale at reasonable price at O. Hefty, 9 miles south-east of Taber, S 25-8-16, west of the 4th M. These oats yielded 70 bus. an acre last year. You may get it clean or uncleaned.

O. Hefty.

SEE
Robert Johnson
GENERAL BLACKSMITH
—FOR—
Mine Work
Contracting & Jobbing
Carriage & Woodwork
Plow Work and Horseshoeing Specialties
BEHIND SCHOOLHOUSE
BARNWELL

Subscribe to The Free Press

News, Notes and Comments

Ads in the Taber Free Press secure results.

×

The Grand Trunk Pacific is buying a right of way into Calgary.

×

An army of 300,000 miners of the bituminous coalfields of the United States quit work last week.

×

The many promised sensations at the Royal Commission in Edmonton to probe the A. and G. W. Railway deal have so far failed to materialise.

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The local paper is your medium for marking progress in your business life. Don't forget that our readers are watching for your statement.

×

Calgary, Alberta, March 28.—Mr. and Mrs. Kinrade and their youngest daughter arrived in Calgary early this week from Hamilton, Ont., and are staying at the Victoria hotel.

×

The Western Canada College Grounds in Calgary are to be subdivided and sold and the College to be moved to a block of land to the west of the city.

×

Sam Small, the evangelist and orator has been visiting in the west. Mr. Small at one time was the working partner of the celebrated Sam Jones who died a couple of years ago.

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At a mass meeting of miners at Frank, Alta., on Friday afternoon, it was unanimously decided to reject the proposals made by the coal company. It was also decided to demand an increase in pay.

×

Edmonton, April 3.—It is reported authentically that at a meeting of the cabinet on Saturday, J. Trowbridge, clerk of the executive council, was appointed deputy provincial secretary, vice Harold W Riley, resigned.

×

There are liable to be four candidates in the field for Macleod, the seat of the late Colin Genge: A. P. Grady—who would be willing to accept a portfolio?; D. J. Grier, independent; E. P. McNeil, conservative; and Judge Sifton.

×

The Southern Alberta Musical Festival at Claresholm was a competition between the musical talent of the towns of High River, Nanton, and Claresholm, and resulted in Nanton securing the greatest number of wins.

That is one result of calling the cows—while yet young.

×

A short time ago Andrew Carnegie found three million dollars that he had laid away in an old sugar bowl on the top shelf of the cellar pantry. We know how that goes. Last year we found thirty cents in an old vest, and this spring we ran across a real nice express order for one dollar and four bits that had never been used before. How things happen.

×

Ontario Woman's Heroism.

Ottawa, April 2.—Placing herself between the shafts of the cutter after her horse had fallen through thin surface on the ice roads across Lake Nipissing and was drowned, Mrs. Fortier, a woman of Warren, Ont., dragged her three children five miles across the lake and to safety through the cold rain, arriving at one of the stopping places along the road all but exhausted, but with the three little ones warm and comfortable, between blankets and buffalo robes in the vehicle. Mrs. Fortier's feat is one that is unprecedented in all the annals of the north country, and her pluck and heroism is the chief topic of conversation in camps in the neighbourhood of Cobalt.

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President Roosevelt has refused to be received by the Pope, under the latter's stipulation.

Rome, April 4.—The determination of Mr. Roosevelt to forego an audience with Pope Pius X. rather than subscribe to the conditions imposed by the vatican has created a sensation.

This unfortunate and unexpected incident overshadows every other feature of the distinguished American's visit to the Eternal City.

Paris, April 4.—Only two of the morning papers published the news that Mr. Roosevelt had decided not to be received by the Pope. They received the news at a late hour by telephone but the details did not reach Paris until this forenoon. Accordingly there was no comment editorially in the morning papers.

Mr. Roosevelt sought an audience with the Pontiff through American Ambassador Leishman and received word that the holy father would be delighted to receive him, but the answer was coupled with an expression of the hope that the audience would not be prevented by such a regretable incident as made an audience for former Vice-President Fairbanks impossible.

Mr. Roosevelt in turn stated that he could not accept any stipulation limiting his freedom of conduct.

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Keep busy. The tumbling water is the whitest. Advertise in the Taber Free Press, and watch for results.

×

Fernie, B.C., April 1.—Gustave Newlands, a young man about 26 or 28 years, formerly employed in the Bank of British North America, at Winnipeg, on leaving that institution recently, it is alleged, obtained what is purported to be a marked cheque, showing that he had a banking account there. He went over the West with this cheque and obtained money at Saskatoon, Calgary, Fernie, Elko, and other places by showing this cheque, and then issuing others. Newlands was arrested here to-day on a charge of obtaining money under false pretences. The case was adjourned until to-morrow.

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Take Action Against Hawes.

Edmonton, April 2.—Acting for the solicitors of Alfred Hawes, of Toronto, G. H. Henwood states that a writ will be issued against J. K. Cornwall, M.P.P., W. R. Clarke and the Alberta and Great Waterways Railway in the course of a few days, to recover $100,000 which Hawes alleges is his share in the sale of the Athabasca Railway charter to Clarke, the president of the Alberta and Great Waterways Railway, and for the flotation of the bonds.

It is also stated that proceedings for blackmail will be taken by Messrs. Cornwall and Clarke against Hawes and that Henwood may be reported to the law society for unprofessional conduct in this matter.

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Read the advertisements in the Taber Free Press. These advertisers are alive, and what they have to say is worth reading.

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It is with a great deal of pleasure that we present the readers of the Free Press a picture, secured at great expense, of Mr. H. S. (Horse Sense) Botts, the artist, late of the Outlaw staff, and Miss Elizabeth Ann McCann, who also was connected with that vile reptile. The picture shows the pair heading for the Palace, across lots, from the depot. It you look closely enough you will be able to see a train coming in—on time.

Mr. Botts and Miss McCann will join the staff of the Slow Island Fuse, but from time to time will contribute to the Free Press.

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Roosevelt was received by King Emmanuel of Italy at the Quirinal on the 4th.

Following the audience, Mr. Roosevelt said that the king had been so gracious and flattering both to him personally and to his country that he felt that he should not make public anything concerning their conversation. The formalities of the reception concluded, King Victor personally conducted Mr. Roosevelt to the hall of the palace, where the American inspected the hunting trophies of the King's father and grandfather.

From the Quirinal, Mr. Roosevelt drove to the Pantheon and placed a wreath upon the tombs of Victor Emmanuel II., and King Humbert. A pleasing incident at the Pantheon was a chance meeting between Mr. Roosevelt and the Queen Dowager Margherita, who detained the former president in conversation for some moments.

NOTICE

Joe Fong, of Lethbridge, begs to announce to the public that he has purchased the business of the Imperial Restaurant, Taber. All accounts due till April 9th are to be settled by the late proprietors.

(Signed) JOE FONG.

The Corset Of Quality



DAINTY STYLES
PERFECT FITTING
MODERATE PRICES

LADIES' WHITE WEAR

WAISTS, SKIRTS, COSTUMES,

And all the tricky little smallwares that go to complete a neat toilet.

EVERYTHING IN CHILDREN'S WEAR

IN PIECE GOODS, MUSLINS, PRINTS, GINGHAMS, CHAMBRAYS, DRESS GOODS, AND ALL THE SEASON'S NOVELTIES.

..Footwear Styles..

THAT ARE JUST RIGHT.

"Invictus" Qualities Unsurpassed.



EVERYTHING NEW
EVERYTHING GOOD
AT

Campbell & Anderson's

This man was certainly crazy.

Los Angeles, April 1.—Dr. Frank R. Cunningham, a well-known and wealthy dentist, is held in restraint to-day at the receiving hospital to prevent him bestowing all his available cash on club valets, hotel bellboys, chauffeurs, and waiters.

Before he was taken into custody at the Jonathan club yesterday, he was scattering his money among all who would take it. He had arranged to rent a whole floor in a large down-town office building. Architects were working on plans for a palace and marine engineers had been set to figuring on a contract for a yacht before Cunningham's fellow clubmen discovered that the dentist was suffering from dementia and held him interested in a game of cards until the police arrived.

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Mr. W. F. White, Inspector of Canadian Government offices in the United States has the following to say about the immigration coming to Western Canada.

"The increase in numbers is no less gratifying than is the quality of the people who are coming to take up their homes in the Dominion. On one train, crossing into Canada at North Portal, two weeks ago, the new settlers thereon had in cash or cheques a total of $25,000, and in one day which I spent at the St. Paul office, settlers passing through in less than 24 hours, represented a capital of a little over one million dollars.

The wheat growing land of the United States is now practically all in the hands of individual owners, and farmers with families of sons growing up find it impossible to secure acreage for them to cultivate when they reach years of maturity, the result being that the price of wheat growing land in the central and western states is forced up until the prices now range from $50 or $75 to $150 or $200 per acre, according to the quality and location. The American farmer, knowing that he can dispose of his property at such an advantageous price and secure in Western Canada virgin soil at prices in the vicinity of $15 per acre, where the cost of cultivation is less and the return greater, is not slow to avail himself of this opportunity."

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The Taber Free Press is alive, and doing well, thank you. We believe in the town, and we want the town to believe in us, and help us help you. How's that for logic?

Around Town

We are pleased to record the fact that Dr. Nelson's condition continues to improve in the hospital at Lethbridge, although he is not entirely out of danger yet.

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The hospital question must not be allowed to become other than a live coal upon the altar. A committee of intelligent, earnest town builders are working out the preliminary details in connection with this humanitarian scheme, and it is the duty of every resident, old and young, of Taber, to waken to a sense of their duty with respect to this splendid undertaking.

×



The orders have been sent out that the city is to be cleaned up, and at once. This order includes yards and lanes and the time set makes it possible to believe that before the real danger from this source, which would be induced by the extreme hot weather, the police will have the orders carried out.

×

One of the features very noticeable in the churches of the city, by strangers, is the presence at every service of so many young men. Generally speaking throughout the west the young men drift, and their absence, rather than their presence in the places of worship, is to be noted. It is a happy condition when the clergy, and speakers, in a city the size of Taber can tell the gospel story in a way that will attract and hold the younger element.

Casting the bread upon waters, the gathering will be a reward.

×

Many of our good people were throwing fits last Saturday about the crossing on Hough Street and Douglas Avenue. Some one had driven a traction engine over it and —like the stolen white elephant— had left a clue. The most of us who follow up this trail to our work had something to say, and our language was wholly unreadable, but it will be remembered that if there were no traction engines, nor need of them in this country, there would not be such a muchness to Taber, and while it might be possible for noodle-headed traction drivers to select streets without crossings, yet even the sacrifice of a crossing or two will be a safe offering to the advent of one more prairie breaker.

Among the new comers Taber is always glad to welcome, we note the presence in the sun parlor at the Palace, of Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, of California and Nevada. Mr. Robertson has taken Mr. Willard's place on the staff of the Canada West Mining Co., and with his kindly companion, makes a valuable addition to the social life of Taber. They expect to occupy the house to be vacated shortly by Mr. Willard, and after that we can have them no longer by the glow of our coal-oil radiator.

A Pretty Wedding in East Calgary.

An unusual sight was witnessed in East Calgary Thursday morning, when a number of carriages drawn by teams of gray, were seen wending their way towards St. John the Evangelist Church.

The occasion proved to be the wedding of Miss Daisy Hughes, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Hughes, of Tenth Street East, to Mr. Robert Wilkinson, of Taber.

The ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. Dean Paget, and Mendelssohn's wedding march was played by Mrs. Geo. Cattle, as the bride escorted by her father approached the altar.

The bride looked charming in a white "robe en soile" with court train, tastefully trimmed with old point lace, the customary veil and orange blossoms, being artistically arranged. She carried an ivory covered prayer book, with streamers of white ribbon, in the form of true lovers' knots, with lilies of the valley interspersed.

A pretty figure at the ceremony was the train bearer, Miss Cathie Morris, who wore a pale pink princess robe of "peau de soie," with a large picture hat in white. The duties of best man were carried out by Mr. H. J. Balmer. The wedding created considerable interest in East Calgary, as the bride has a large circle of friends, and will be greatly missed in the choir and general social circles, being a young lady of considerable vocal talant and of a kind and cheerful disposition.

After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, and the following were among those who sat down to the wedding breakfast, with the immediate relatives: Mrs. J. B Morris; Miss Cathie Morris, Mrs. Geo. Cattle, Mrs. H. Gay, Mrs. J. Miskelly, Miss Ford; Miss Edith Marsh, Mr. H. J. Balmer, Mr. M. B. Wilkinson and Mr. Jack Lewis.

SHE HAD THIS SORE FOR FOUR LONG YEARS!

Now Zam-Buk Has Healed It

You can't equal Zam-Buk for sores of all kinds, whether recent or of long standing. That is the opinion of Mrs. Wilson, of 110 Wickson Ave., Toronto, Mrs. Wilson says:

"About four years ago a sore spot appeared on the right side of my face, just about the angle of the jaw. This spot increased in size until it became about half an inch in diameter, and very troublesome. I went to a doctor, from whom at different times during fifteen years I had received treatment, but the ointment I got did not have any good effect on the sore. I had it cauterized, tried poultices and all kinds of salves, but it was no good, and this continued for four years. A sample of Zam-Buk was one day left at our house, and I used it.

"Although the quantity was so small, it seemed to do me some good, so I purchased from Mr. Bauld, Druggist, Scollard and Yonge Streets, a supply of Zam-Buk. Each box did me more and more good, and to my delight, before I had been using Zam-Buk three weeks, I saw that it was going to heal the sore. In less than a month it was healed! It has now been healed for almost a year, and at the present time the only trace of it is a small patch of skin a little whiter than the surrounding tissue. If Zam-Buk can heal a sore of this kind, which had defied all treatments for four years, I am sure it must be a thing needed in scores of homes."

Try Zam-Buk for eczema, ulcers, sores, bad leg, varicose ulcers, skin eruptions, face spots, baby's rashes, inflamed places, piles, blood-poisoning and all skin injuries and diseases. 50c all druggists and stores, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse "just as goods" and imitations.

Consignments
—OF—
WHEAT, OATS and FLAX

will receive personal attention. We gladly wire what we can get before selling

Continental Grain Co., Ltd
223 GRAIN EXCHANGE
WINNIPEG

We Clean and Dye Clothes

For patrons extending from Toronto to the Yukon. Why not for you?

Modern Laundry and Dye Works Co.
Limited
309 Hargrave St. Winnipeg



ENTERTAIN AND AMUSE YOUR GUESTS
Book containing 250 Joke Specialties; 75 toasts; 12 tricks with cards; 60 amusing experiments in magic; 15 parlor magnets; 12 parlor pantomimes; 8 fortune telling secrets; 14 witty recitations; 10 funny readings; 6 sets of tricks and entertaining books, all for 25c postpaid.
Send Silver. **HELFRICH & CO.,**
2559 Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill

Bookkeeping Shorthand Typewriting

and all Commercial Courses taught right at your home by our
SUPERIOR & PRACTICAL HOME STUDY SYSTEM
We offer the
BEST COMMERCIAL COURSES IN CANADA
Our Instructors are
RECOGNIZED EXPERTS
Take your course at home and
SAVE HALF THE RESIDENT SCHOOL FEE
Write today for particulars
THE SHAW CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
393 to 403 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada

40 YEARS PROOF
You don't need to experiment by trusting Spavin, Ringbone, Curb, Splint, Bog Spavin, Swollen Joints, Old Sores, or any Lameness in man or beast.
KENDALL'S Spavin Cure
has been the world-wide remedy for 40 years.
Johnsville, Que., Jan. 9, 1906.
I have used your medicine for nearly forty years, and now I take the liberty to ask you to forward one of your books to me. I once had a horse with two Bog Spavins. I tried your Cure and at the end of four months he was as smooth as the day he was foaled.
Yours respectively, John Smith.
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The Horseman

DID YOU ever in your career own a gang performer—a confirmed gold-brick? If you are a horseman you won't need to be told the difference that the designations imply. If you are not, we will say for your benefit that the strictest interpretation is that a game performer is one that races creditably and finishes well whenever his owner wants him to. A gold-brick is one that you have invested all your savings in and then quits absolutely and coldly whenever first money is in jeopardy in his ear. You will notice that there is proviso in the definition of the opposite types that involves the owners' and drivers' wishes. For if you are going with the reputation and amount of observation you have undoubtedly viewed races in which horses of unquestioned gameness have failed miserably in the stretch with their drivers apparently trying all known means, physical, spiritual and otherwise to laud their charges in front. And when the beast was over and everyone had quit chewing his cigar, you would often hear: "That dog-goned Jinks is a pretty slippery customer; he wasn't tryin' to win."

Perhaps in some particular cases the driver wasn't threatened with nervous breakdown from over-exertion, in others he may have been surely giving his mount all the tonics that he had in his cabinet of first money producers. It is human to err, and more human to criticize everyone but ourselves. And it is distinctly human and typically American to pat ourselves on the back and swell up because we have "discovered" a job in a race.

But all this is neither here nor beyond. Our two definitions are taken from the latest turf dictionary, which before it becomes infallible, must have the unqualified approval of the National Swipes Association and the Junior Order of Stable Mechanics. And the swipe should know. Season after season he travels with all manners and forms of the horse kind. Their life is his life, their habits, dispositions, peculiarities command study before him. With them he labors incessantly and intelligent as the vast majority of his kind are, he distinguishes the desirable and undesirable qualities early and unerringly.

It is for every man who loves a horse to give some time in life to indulge his brain in the extravagant fancy of a get-rich-quick career with some coming sensational performer. Have you not in some drear and cold winter time felt the excitements of the track, the lure of the racing scenes, and feasted your mind upon the glory of the winner and the emoluments that winning bring? With your feet tinkered high, your pipe bringing soothing feelings to your mind, you looked out across the frozen fields to the invisible summertime filled with promise of pleasures. You had for long years been an admirer of the harness horse and had read Hiram Woodruff's classic, *The Trotting Horse of America*. But now there came to you an overwhelming desire to get closer to the game, to own a trotter—perhaps to drive one. In that twilight vision, you saw all the bright, alluring features—none of the disappointing ones. A grand going trotter or pacer, sensational speed, winning races, cashing checks. You saw it all. And when you had awakened from your reverie, it was with a fixed determination to buy a racing prospect.

Maybe you fell for the clever manipulation of an unprincipled dealer eager to unload an animal that had often been proven a counterfeit. Perhaps you bought of an honest person who represented the horse just as he knew him. If the latter was the case you may have realized some of your dreams—some of them. For it is written that not all horses live up to the good reputation that precedes a change in ownership. Place the blame where you will, driver, horse, swipe, judges, tracks, or any of the innumerable and often time incomprehensible items contained in the ex cuse book. The thing that raced so brave ly and well for the other fellow may be a rank counterfeit in your hands, unnatural as it may seem and exceptional as it may be.

Whichever one of these cases you fell into your dreams were a disappointment. For horse-racing, at its best, never gives up the combination to the safe wherein lies the gold, without unceasing toil and nervous strain that robbed the winning of all its glamour and paid none too liberally for the work involved in winning. When you made your first start with your new trotter, you had gained a good conception of the work entailed in shaping a horse for the races. But as you gradually become accustomed to the disappointments and re sume that you are trainer as well as owner) you felt that a mere first money would be sufficient in your opening race. And of this you felt confident for your horse had shown plenty of speed and no inclination to break in his work. So it was pretty disappointing, wasn't it, when your noble racer attempted to jump his shadow down on the first turn where the horses were thick and racing furious. But it wouldn't have been nearly so bad if in making the aforesaid jump he had found room to jump ahead or outward, instead of climbing the inner rail and leaving your fine new bike clinging to it in an unrecognizable state which you did the loop in your own peculiar style.

You didn't take any particular enjoyment in listening to that starter's announcement wherein your horse's name and the magical word "distanced" were linked in loving proximity. But you had sympathetic friends who said it was too bad, and others who said that it was the only way you could lose, though neither feature helped on your feed bills, or paid any freight toward the next town. But you dried away your tears and said "Next time," and vowed you'd win yet, which was a very commendable determination, although sometimes quite hard to carry out.

At your next start, you are overjoyed to find the field small and quite devoid of the "bear-cat" specimen. Small fields, of course, you are aware by this time, are what your horse desires, for you feel sure that in a small field the deplorable accident of the previous week would never have occurred. So your spirits are back to normal when you have floated away with two heats in the "wheel kind of style and you counsel with yourself about taking your mount to the "big rings" after you have him keyed up and a little expense laid by. You have no notion that this heat will be different from the preceding ones for you seem to have the small field absolutely at your command. You are riding easy in the stretch and pondering over what share of the money you will send home and what present you will drop in the driver's sack when next he removes that specimen of near and dear apparel. Reverie has again completely enwrapped you and in those few seconds that your trip to the wire entails, you live days and months in which luxury and ease predominate.

But the sweetest, dearest dreams of humanity are not exempt from the rude interruptions. Back from out of that despised field you heard a rataplan of hurried hoof beats that suggested immediate action on your part. But still the horse with the rush order drew nearer and finally his nose was at your charge's throat latch. And then you threw discretion to the winds and with spur and voice and everything that your fertile mind suggested as methods to keep a horse in front. But your horse was by you and you surely giving his embrace the breeching fondly, rather than attempt to beat out his opponent. One by one you saw them go by and then you finish a very bad last. Your finish is that heat is repeated in two more and buffals of training camp (for we assume you contented yourself with second money.

You are new in the game, your deductions are not backed with years of experience with all kinds of campaigners and all forms of disposition that causes the trotter to be credited with stamina or otherwise. So you conclude that your trotter was sick. The exact nature of his ailment was not determined, but the fact that he didn't win the third heat, and curled up when asked to fight was enough evidence to your untutored brain that there was reason for his not being just as he should. So you carried him along, with your bank account growing smaller and your hair growing thinner. Sometimes he won from sheer surplus speed; more often he lost, and finally it began to dawn on you that the mysterious sickness was sure to develop when another heat came up to you in the stretch. Gradually the exact nature of his trouble dawned on you, and you finally realized that a lack of gameness was his most prominent characteristic, and you were simply wasting money and time in racing him. So you either gave up the game or got something else that you could pin hope upon.

Racing horses that were afflicted with "yellowitis" have been a dear experience to many horsemen. Seldom has a confirmed quitter proven a good money-winner. Starting off in green classes with great speed ability, the superficiality of the performance was not detected, but the fact that he didn't win the third heat, and curled up when asked to fight was enough evidence to your untutored brain that there wasn't feeling just as he should. So you carried him along, with your bank account growing smaller and your hair growing thinner. Sometimes he won from sheer surplus speed; more often he lost, and finally it began to dawn on you that the mysterious sickness was sure to develop when another heat came up to you in the stretch. Gradually the exact nature of his trouble dawned on you, and you finally realized that a lack of gameness was his most prominent characteristic, and you were simply wasting money and time in racing him. So you either gave up the game or got something else that you could pin hope upon.

Racing horses that were afflicted with "yellowitis" have been a dear experience to many horsemen. Seldom has a confirmed quitter proven a good money-winner. Starting off in green classes with great speed ability, the superfluity of this performance was not detected, but a low horse along for a while will up in the summaries. He may win a number of races at the start and yet it is notorious that horses inclined to "back up" are nearly always good mannered from their first start. But when the faint hearted horse has reached the class where he must battle with horses of equal speed he is sure to come back. When the battle in the stretch produces the winner, the race goes to the gamer animal rather than the speedier.

NAUNDORFF—THE FAKE "CROWN PRINCE OF FRANCE

A FRENCH king and his wife—more "foolish than wicked—helped to bring their land to the brink—nay, to a state of ruin and despair that the people arose, overturned the monarchy and put the whole royal family in prison. The king—Louis XVI.—was beheaded. So was Queen Marie Antoinette, his wife. Their little son, the "Dauphin" (Crown Prince) of France, was thrown into a dungeon and was there treated in so unspeakably horrible a way that in 1795 (according to history), he died.

In 1815 the monarchy was restored. Had the little Dauphin been living he would thus have become King of France. But as he was supposedly dead, the throne went to a member of a younger branch of the royal Bourbon line. Immediately, in various parts of the world, young men came forward, each claiming to be the missing Dauphin. The only claim of the sort that seemed worthy of any belief came from Eleazor Williams, a New York State clergyman, who really believed himself to be the Dauphin, put forward strong testimony to that effect, and refused to assert his alleged royal rights. The noisiest and most notorious of the pretenders was one Naundorff. So stoutly did he maintain his assertion that several historians, the Dutch government, and a throng of hot-headed royalists firmly believed in him.

Naundorff was the son of a Prussian locksmith. He was about the same age as the Dauphin, and somewhat like him in looks. Either he was gifted with a vivid imagination or was the ready tool of politicians who hoped for advancement by putting him on the French throne. Here in brief is the story Naundorff told:

He said that as he lay ill in prison, in 1795, a jailer's wife to whom he was carried into the cell in his place. This second lad either died or was killed. Naundorff was drugged, put in a coffin and exhibited to the authorities. Then he was secretly spirited away by friends and the coffin was filled with stones and interred. He was ten years old at that time. The conspirators who had rescued the child took him to Venice. There, enemies kidnapped him and shut him up in Strasbourg fortress. Later he was moved by night to a dungeon somewhere—a place infested by "rats as large as rabbits." He stayed there four years, was again rescued, arrested by the French as a spy, finally escaped from jail and made his way to Germany. In Berlin he went to work as a watchmaker at No. 52 Schutzen strasse; he called himself "Charles William Naundorff."

So much for his own account. It was not until 1834 that he set up any sort of formal claim to the French crown. Then, so plausibly did he plead his own cause that he soon gathered around him a number of followers. He moved to Holland and married. The Dutch government believed in him—no other European power did—and allowed him to call himself "Charles Louis de Bourbon, Duke of Normandy and King of France." Comte d'Herisson, the noted historian, wrote a book in after years declaring Naundorff was the lost Dauphin. Naundorff's backers said their leader had convinced the Pope of his royal identity. Roman authorities retorted that the only documents in the Vatican bearing on the case was a Papal "brief", denouncing Naundorff as an impostor.

In 1843 Naundorff died, after publishing a pamphlet entitled "Story of the Dauphin's Misfortunes." His tomb at Delft, Holland, was inscribed: "Here lies Louis XVII., Duke of Normandy, King of France." But the fight for recognition was carried on by his son Charles. In 1851 the suit was brought to trial in the French courts, the famous Jules Favre acting as counsel for Charles Naundorff. But the pretender lost his case. In 1874 the affair came to trial again with the same result.

Charles died in Holland in 1889, to the last calling himself "King Charles XI. of France." His son, John Naundorff—a Paris wine merchant—then assumed the title of "King John IV." and gathered about him a ludicrous little court. By that time the ancient pretense had become so absurd that even the watchful French police refused to take any notice of the matter.

SHARK FINS

SINGAPORE has an important shark fin trade which supplies China with 200,000 Chinese with this Oriental delicacy. The $157,753 worth imported in 1908 came from Borneo, Penang, Sarawak, Madras, Ceylon, Celebes and the Coromodel coasts. Over one-half of this amount was re-exported to China.

The Malay shark, called the "ikan jew," is the most dreaded by the natives. During the terrible disaster of the French steamer La Seyne from its collision with the British ship Onda in the Straits of Ohio last November, many of the ninety passengers lost were, as soon as they reached the waters of the strait, seized by the sharks and dragged beneath the surface to be devoured by fierce Malayan fish, which are especially feared by the native fishers and pearl divers.

Seventeen species inhabit the far eastern seas, some of them attaining a length of twenty-five feet. It is reported that a black-fin shark was captured some time since whose liver weighed 250 pounds. The largest is the basking shark, which ranges from the Cape of Good Hope to Ceylon, and often exceeds fifty feet in length. This fish has small teeth, and is not considered as dangerous as the monsters of the Malayan Archipelago.

KITCHEN INFORMATION FOR THE THRIFTY HOUSEWIFE

A LITTLE salt added to rinse water will prevent clothes from freezing on the line.

A teaspoonful of sugar added to the water in which you are cooking green peas or when heating canned peas will add to their flavor.

When you are making an omelette that requires bread crumbs for thickening, and you have none handy, try using a slightly larger amount of any of the flaked breakfast foods. The flavors will be much better than when the crumbs are used.

It is the custom of many housewives to use sandsoap for scouring and cleaning almost anything in tin or agate ware in their kitchen. This is a great mistake, as sandsoap is injurious to some kinds of kitchen ware.

A bottle of ammonia and a bottle of kerosene are very useful for cleansing some kinds of goods which will not stand very generous rubbing.

In the bath room the nickel faucets can be kept as bright as new indefinitely if frequently washed and given a brisk rub daily when the room is set in order. A clean cheesecloth duster serves this purpose especially well. The same is true of silver-backed brushes and other toilet silver, if kept clean and rubbed a few seconds daily they remain bright for a long time.

Storyettes

MISS PRIM—I want a husband who will be easily pleased.

Miss Cronch—That's the kind you'll get.

* * *

TEACHER—Jimmy, you look very pale this morning. Are you ill? Jimmy—No ma'am. Ma washed my face this morning herself.

* * *

SHE'S going on the stage." "Is that so? She can't sing, and I never saw her act." "I know, but that's all she can do. Her husband has deserted her, and she never learned to work at anything before she married."

* * *

THE JUDGE—Did you arrest this chauffeur for speeding?

The Policeman—No, yer honor; I pulled 'im in for obstructin' th' road; he was goin' thirty miles an hour, an' he was complained about by them that was riding at th' regular rate.

* * *

HONEY, I can't find a retraction of that story about your sister's elopement with the Chinese cook after poisoning her husband and forging her father's name to a $50,000 check! Where did you see it?" "It's inside, my dear, next to the 'Lost and Found' column, and about the size of a pure food law label."

* * *

JOHN—John," whispered Mrs. Gidgely, nudging her husband, "what is it?" he sleepily asked. "There's a burglar in the house." "What do you want me to do—get up and run the risk of being killed?" "No; but if you find in the morning that somebody has gone through your pockets, don't blame me."

* * *

DURING the French Revolution a thief and a marquis jolted in a tumbril side by side through the wild streets of Paris on the way to the guillotine, while a venerable priest tried to console their terrible last ride with moral reflections. "A bas la noblesse! Down with the aristocrats!" shouted the red-capped mob. Thereupon the thief rose in the cart and cried: "My friends, you deceive yourself. I am not an aristocrat. I am a thief." The priest plucked him by the sleeve, saying reproachfully: "Sit down. This is no time for vanity!"

* * *

ON one occasion when Mr. Gladstone was announced to speak in Manchester the hall was packed and the air was stifling. For some reason it was impossible to open the windows, which were very old, and one had to be broken. It was feared that the noise would startle the audience, and the mayor stepped forward to explain what was happening. The audience, however, had not assembled to listen to the mayor and overwhelmed him with cries of "Gladstone." A venerable priest below the mischeeveled and infuriated official restored silence by shouting at the top of his lungs: "I'm not going to make a speech, I've got something to say!"

* * *

IT was with a good deal of confidence that he walked up to the magistrate's desk, notwithstanding the fact that a policeman had a firm hold on both sleeves. He waited quietly till one of the policemen had made the accusation of "drunk and disorderly," and then asked Magistrate Scott if he might speak. "Yes," replied the magistrate; "what have you to say?" "Well, judge, I was drunk last night; but it does not often happen. I have lived in this ward nearly all my life and any one can tell you that." "Oh, lived here all your life, have you? Do you know any one in the ward that can speak for you?" asked the magistrate. "Yes," said the prisoner, "I know ——. He can tell you all about me." "You know him, do you? Well, so do I. Ten days."

DO you think a college education helps a man in business?" "Sure. I've had two college boys workin' for me durin' the last year, and I was afraid to discharge either one of 'em for fear they'd find fault with my grammar when I done it."

* * *

SAID a nervous lady to an Austin lady, at whose house she was making a call: "Are you not afraid that some of your children will fall into that cistern in your yard?" "Oh, no," was the complacent reply; "anyhow, that's not the cistern we get our drinking water from."

* * *

ASSEMBLYMAN John C. Hackett of New York recently told this story in a speech: "I was up in Rockland County last summer and there was a banquet given at a country hotel. All the farmers were there and all the village characters. I was asked to make a speech. 'Now, I said, with the usual apologetic manner, "it is not fair to you for the toastmaster to ask me to speak. I am notorious as the worst public speaker in the State of New York. My reputation extends from one end of the State to the other. I have no rival whatever when it comes——' I was interrupted by a lanky, ill-clad individual, who had stuck too close to the beer pitcher. 'Gentlemen," said he, 'I take exception to what this here man says. He ain't the worst public speaker in the State. I am. Yoh all know it, an' I want it made a matter of record that I took 'ception.' 'Well, my friend,' said I, 'suppose we leave it to the guests. You sit down while I say my piece and then I'll sit down and let you give a demonstration.' The fellow agreed, and I went on. I hadn't gone far when he got up again. 'I'll all right,' said he, 'you win; needn't go no further.'"

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THE BUCK-EYE

VOL. 1 WEEKLY EDITION NO. 21

The Cost of Living

From coast to coast a howl is raised about the cost of living.
To hear the calamity-prophets' wail, you would think that the prices of foods had purchased aeroplanes for the express purpose of soaring out of sight.
Beef has gone up, it's true!
So has the price of wheat!
Clothes cost more than they did!
Groceries have followed the fashionable lead, and your boots require more dollars to buy them, and wear out faster.
In all the economic scale, two things alone retain their humble level of two years ago.
Throughout the whole range of the necessaries of life, the difficulty of attaining enough to satisfy the essentials of life has increased.
Yet there are two bright exceptions to the general rule.
The exceptions are SALARIES and BUCK-EYES.
Yes, let us be thankful; the price of BUCK-EYES is still ten cents.
Faithful to the last, the manufacturers of the BUCK-EYE cigar realize that were they to fail the public the result would be chaos.
At all costs demoralization must be averted, and the price of BUCK-EYES kept down.
And in the universal struggle for life, many a man today is being cheered and uplifted by the thought that no matter what comes, whether prices ebb or flow, whether a rolled roast today looms larger in the family purse than the porterhouse of last week, yet can he still purchase his BUCK-EYE for ten cents.

P. S.—A man can live with equanimity on porridge and canned cream, with fried potatoes on the side, if he only has a BUCK-EYE to take away the after-taste.

On the Trail for Grande Prairie

From the Canadian Courier, Toronto

WHERE is Grande Prairie? That is the question being asked by a large number of people; but how to get there interests a few who live in Edmonton or thereabouts. Grande Prairie is part of the so-called last great west in the Peace River country—this is not a real estate advertisement, for as yet there are no real estaters in Grande Prairie, though heaven knows how soon they will arrive when the homesteading begins to become general and homesteaders of this year become the speculators of next, pushing their own frontiers farther and farther afield from the railway.

This is part of the unrailroaded land; a land so fertile that according to some who have been there raising casual crops, there is nothing better in the valley of the Saskatchewan or the Bow or the Red. There have been as may stories about the Peace River valley as about the Garden of Eden. But the consensus of really valuable experimental opinion seems to be that there are three great valleys in the Peace River country capable of great crops and a large and prosperous population of producers. At any rate, the railways are heading out that way from Edmonton; at the present time three transcontinentals and two or three other subsidiary lines, all tracking to tap the fertile reaches of the Peace en route to the mountains and the sea.

But long before the railways begin to yearn for that country the prospector has been in. Of course everybody has heard about the Lawrence Bros. of Vermilion and Allie Brick, the flour-bags and the grist-mill. It is well known that though the Grande Prairie is far to the northwest of Edmonton its climate is even more moderate, being tempered more seductively by the stray chinooks that straggle in there from the coast through the Rockies. Parties have been going in there for years from Edmonton. Three years ago outfits drove in via Athabasca Landing, which is a round-about route but had the main travelled road a good deal of the way. Two years ago one A. M. Bezanson drove up in a sleigh with a caboose, taking his wife; and he settled in Grande Prairie ahead of the railway. He had already written a book about the Peace River trail because he had put in a couple of years mooching round over it, wanting to know and wanting the rest of the world to know about it also. He had nothing but praise for the country. Years ago the Klondike overlanders saw the fertile valleys of the Peace, the first white men except fur traders to behold it. They built their boats at Peace River Landing and began their water voyage through a charming and pastoral land that reached away illimitably from the river. But their main interest was in getting through the country to where the gold was—and they took more than a year to do it. Nowadays in Edmonton they are outfitting and arguing ways and means of getting to the Grande Prairie and no farther; hundreds of men who desire nothing better than to get there ahead of the railway, to homestead and drive stakes and to be the pioneers in a new land of promise and production.

The extension of the railways has set most of these people speculating. Two roads have pushed well out in that direction south of Athabasca Landing, the old travelled route, but still heading towards the head-waters of the Athabasca and the Smoky and the Findlay and the Parsnip and the Peace, which rise in the mountains and run up to the northern sea through the Mackenzie. Entwhistle, on the Grand Trunk Pacific, is the Pisgah from which some of these people have been seeing the promised land. The people who propose to trek in to Grande Prairie held a meeting in Edmonton not long ago. They mapped out a route. It was an interesting convention; present some oldtimers who had driven stakes in Edmonton when it was a hundred times harder to get at by cart than Grande Prairie is now by train and trail. John McDougall, veteran fur trader and merchant prince and land king, was chairman of the meeting. He recalled the old days, as could Hon. Frank Oliver had he been there. The journalist was present; the scribe ready to chronicle the annals of the new Jerusalem—to wit, Mr. F. D. Piche, editor of the proposed Peace River Pilot—blessedly auspicious name! He intends to set up his case of type and his hand-press at Entwhistle and from there, the end of civilization, record the short and simple annals of the new colony. The lawyer was there. Mr. Ray proposes to open a law office at Grande Prairie. He knows very well that even in a modern Garden of Eden there will be disputes and titles to record and claims to file.

Well, the idea of the moving colony is to entrain as far as Entwhistle and from there to go on runners fifty-five miles to Whitecourt, which is at the confluence of the McLeod and the Athabasca—this is over a main travelled trail; thence blazing a new trail 140 miles to Grande Prairie. Of course there were dissensions and there are difficulties. The high price of food is a drawback; also the fact that the new trail made at the settlers' own expense would be useful only in winter when frozen. Peter Gunn, who is the M.P.P. in the Alberta Legislature for the land lying round Entwhistle, says they can all get in there and have a fairly good time provided they are willing to use the axe.

Meanwhile other settlers who went in there last year by the longer route have come out to civilization and have told how they got in. It was last April when the party headed by Mr. J. E. Gundin, now of Beaver Lodge, Grande Prairie, thirty-one people and seventeen yoke of oxen and fourteen waggons of supplies headed away from Edmonton for the partially unknown. Recently Mr. Gundin came out and brought back with him, not bunches of grapes on poles as the spies did from the land of Eschol to the camp of Moses, but a good lively fact-story of how they got in and out again, coupled with the best of advice and a few adventures. His party was known as the "bull party" owing to the number of oxen. Here is the story of the times they had:

"February the fifteenth," said he, "is the latest any party should start for the Peace River country over the old trail. The chinooks of the north make the roads bare and the rivers break up two weeks earlier than here. We left Edmonton on the twentieth and got over the Athabasca on the 28th. A few days later the river broke up. Our waggons were freighted with from thirty to thirty-five hundred pounds and the north shore of Lesser Slave Lake we found to be utterly impassable for our loaded waggons. We were stuck. We tried to pack around but gave up the idea and determined to wait until the ice went out of the lake, to ship our goods by boat. We got the oxen around the north shore all right and shipped our goods across the lake. June was free from rain and we continued our tour, reaching Beaver Lodge by way of Peace River Crossing and Dunvegan on the 12th of July. After looking over the country we moved on to our locations on July 28th, two weeks before the land was surveyed by Mr. McFarlane, when we took out declarations on scrip.

"We found black surface soil from four to eight inches in depth, and a subsoil of chocolate clay from four to six inches in thickness. The soil is very uniform in Grande Prairie, and the country rolling. Some of our party have found springs. The water appears to run in veins rather than a sheet of water.

"From our location we can see Nose Mountain forty miles to the west, and about 125 miles distant we can see some twenty snow-clad peaks. There is plenty of timber for building purposes—spruce and poplar. The gardens which we saw were excellent in every way. Everything from tomatoes to potatoes ripened in the open. Since reaching Grande Prairie our party has enjoyed the best of health. One family, the Millers, had illness among four children almost constantly in Ontario. They have had no sickness whatever up there. The farmers in Grande Prairie much prefer oxen to horses because of the great cost of oats. Oxen grow fat on the prairie grass. The settlers are without exception well satisfied with the country and are very sanguine of the future."

Even old-timers who have been in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Co. for half a century sometimes mention the wonderful beauty of the scenery in the Peace River valley. A well known ex-Factor, now living in Edmonton, spoke recently of a trip he once made with a Beaver Indian down along the lower waters of the Smoky. It was in the fall of the year; the time of hoar frost. They camped by dusk at the confluence of the Smoky and the Athabasca; the stolid Cree never saying a word. At sunrise they got up. At the tepee flap they stood gazing on a splendid, indescribable picture; the bluffs and headlands of two silent, silver rivers garbed in a most astonishing fabric of dazzling white that sparkled and coruscated like a web of star-dust upon millions of little poplars and galleries of far-rising hills. For nowhere else in America, at least, can be seen such hoar frost as in that land to the north of Edmonton. For a moment the Beaver was speechless. Then a sort of sunrise went over his face. He raised his hand.

"Beautiful!" he said; which was the first time the Factor had ever heard the Indian give vent to a word of admiration.

The air in that country has been highly praised by those who live there. People in Edmonton, which is near the highlands of the Saskatchewan, believe that the air there is about as crisp and exhilarating as can be found in Canada. However, when it comes to real air values it seems to be largely a matter of comparison. Some years ago a lanky bronchobuster from Dunvegan, which is the edge of the last horse country, was down in Edmonton part of the winter. He shivered and snuffed and grouched about the damp wind—which to the easterner seemed about as dry and snappy as air ought to be.

"Gosh!" he said. "Up at Dunvegan we have air what is air. Yeh can eat the air it's so dry. This here blame stuff is so wet yeh have to drink it."

He was from the highlands of Athabasca; a real climatic aristocrat who never would be happy anywhere distant from his own hills of the north.

Of course there's a good dea mlore than mere air and scenery to contend with in that country. But those who go in ahead of the railway and put in a year or so as the trailbreakers of Grande Prairie or the Pouce Coupe will remember some day that there was one glorious period in their lives when nothing was commonplace except natural hardship.

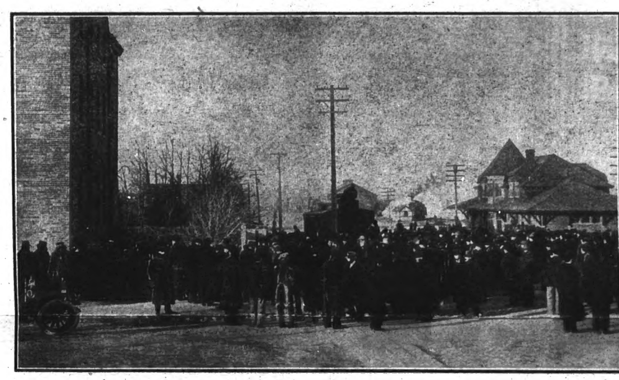
Just the other day a fox-skin came to Edmonton from Grande Prairie, which sold for $1,075.00, the highest price paid for a silver fox skin this season.

THE LAND RUSH AT LETHBRIDGE

THE exact number of land seekers who made application for homesteads, pre-emptions and scrip lands, at the recent opening of twenty townships south-east of Lethbridge, was eleven hundred and eight-one. This is the record land office business of Canada, that at Moose Jaw in September, 1908, being a poor second. On the latter occasion, when a new territory was thrown open, there were four hundred men present to make immediate entry. The entire eleven hundred and eighty-one men were not actually present in Lethbridge, but there were between nin and ten hundred men who stood in line from Saturday night to Monday morning in order to secure as favorable a location as possible. The balance wired from various points where there are offices of the Department of Public Lands and made their reservations in this way. The men who were actually on the spot in Lethbridge had this advantage in that their applications were considered prior to any applications received by wire.

The first section to be taken by the homesteaders was the one nearest to the Crows Nest line of the Canadian Pacific. It was located twelve miles south of Bow Island, a station between Medicine Hat and Calgary. The man who got this prize said that he considered it worth $16,000.

The land in the townships subdivided is described as gently undulating. For many years it has been used for ranching purposes, some of the very large ranches of Alberta being located along the Milk River, which runs through the southerly portion of the country affected. The farmers who secured homes in the country will necessarily enter on the growing of wheat, oats, flax, etc., as well as the raising of cattle. The rain fall in the district is not sufficient to ensure a large harvest in cases where the tillage is not fully done, but with care there is no reason why excellent crops should not be secured annually, and in the years when the rainfall is ample and the general conditions favorable, the yield is very heavy, as the past returns from the district show.



VIEW OF THE RUSH FOR LAND IN THE LETHBRIDGE DISTRICT

Fuel will always be cheap in the district owing to the large deposits of coal at Lethbridge and at various points through Southern Alberta. There are said to be great deposits of coal on the Milk River where ranchers have been mining it for their own use for a number of years. There is also timber in the region to the north-east, where a number of small mills are in operation. A line of railway will be built, before many years have passed, by the Canadian Pacific through the heart of the area where most of the free land was available, the intention of the Canadian Pacific being to construct a line from Lethbridge to Weyburn, Sask., where connection is made with the Soo Line. Already a good beginning on this road has been made from the east, and it is believed that next year a start will be made from the west end.

The next great rush from the Lethbridge Land Office will be made when the Indian reserve of the Bloods is opened for settlement.

FAMOUS FAKES IN HISTORY OF THE WORLD—THE DRUCE CASE

THE eccentric Duke of Portland was believed to be worth five hundred million dollars. He had an odd way of vanishing for months at a time. A peculiar skin disease which at certain times made him hideous was supposed to account for his long absences from public view.

His vast English country estate, Welbeck Abbey, was fairly honeycombed with tunnels and winding underground passages of every sort. The eccentric Duke had these dug by 1,500 men at an estimated cost of ten million dollars. His London house was also said to be connected with all kinds of odd places by means of secret subterranean burrows.

In Baker Street, London, not very far from the Duke's town mansion, lived a prosperous storekeeper, T. C. Druce, the father of a family, and a shrewd man of business. In 1864 Druce was reported dead. His family and a throng of friends followed the coffin to its resting place in Highgate Cemetery.

The Duke of Portland lived fifteen years longer. He died in 1879, and as he was a bachelor, the title and estates went to a collateral relative. Soon after the old nobleman's death a rumor—first whispered, then emphatically proclaimed—ran throughout England in which it was declared that the eccentric Duke of Portland and T. C. Druce, shopkeeper, had been one and the same man! The Duke (so went the story) when only thirty-five years old, grew tired of his aristocratic surroundings and began to lead one of the most remarkable "double lives" on record. Disguising himself and taking the name of Druce, he opened the Baker Street store, married twice, raised two successive families of children, and became known as a thrifty, hard-headed tradesman. Whenever this role became wearisome he would slip back to his mansion, remove his disguise, and once more be the bachelor Duke of Portland.

The Duke's well known eccentricity easily explained these long absences from home. So for years the man was alternately the stately unmarried nobleman and the plebeian much-married tradesman. At last he seemed to have found the double life distasteful. So, in 1864, he arranged that Druce should "die." The report went out that the Baker Street storekeeper was dead. A 200-pound roll of sheet lead was put into a coffin and buried with solemn pomp—and the Duke of Portland lived on in peace until 1879.

So much for the story that flashed from one end of the world to the other. And there seemed to be much to verify it. Druce and the Duke were remembered to have looked much alike, to have had the same mannerisms, even the same skin malady. Many other similarities were realized. The theory grew stronger day by day. At last it reached the courts.

George Hollamby Druce, son of T. C. Druce's child by his first marriage, was a household servant, and later a carpenter, in Australia. He heard that the younger branch of the Druce family were preparing to claim part of the Portland estate on the ground that T. C. Druce had really been the Duke of Portland. George, as child of the eldest of Druce's sons, hurried to England and demanded the title and fortune of the Duke of Portland. Already T. C. Druce's son by his second marriage—Herbert Druce—had been asked to clear up the mystery by opening T. C. Druce's coffin and thus proving whether a body or a roll of lead was buried in it. Herbert refused and took the solemn oath that he had seen his father's dead body laid in that coffin. If Herbert spoke the truth, T. C. Druce could not have been the same man as the Duke of Portland, who lived fifteen years longer than he.

To settle this vital point, George accused Herbert of perjury. The trial in 1907, caused tremendous excitement. George had no money to press the suit. So a company was formed to finance the case for him. Fifty-five thousand dollars was raised by selling $5 shares, largely to servants and workingmen. So eager were people to buy these shares that the price rose from $5 to $7.

At the trial George brought forward about a dozen witnesses whose testimony promised to establish his claim eyond all doubt. Robert C. Caldwell, of Staten Island, swore that the Duke had taken him into his confidence and had appointed him to supervise the burial of Druce. Miss Mary Robinson, a Virginian, testified she had known the Duke in both his alleged roles, and that Charles Dickens, the novelist, had also been in the secret. A Mrs. Mary Hamilton took oath to the same effect. So did several other witnesses.

Then in December, 1907, Herbert at last allowed the Druce coffin to be opened. The remains of a man's body were found in it. George's whole case went at once to pieces. Two or three of the witnesses (Caldwell among them) were indicted for perjury. The hundreds of poor people who had subscribed the defense money lost all they had put into the venture.

And another gigantic fake was added to the world's annals of fraud.

TURKISH RULES OF CONVERSATION

CONVERSATION in Europe and America has been describ ed as a duet in opera, in which the two persons engaged in it are talking to an imaginary third person, each recounting a tale of his own. "I say something and you say something else, and we will agree to call it a conversation."

Now in Turkey there are certain forms or canons of conversation, any violation of which is considered an outrage, and the sum of which constitutes their code of politeness as applied to conversation. These rules may be stated as follows:

1. Never to interrupt the speaker while he is talking. However long-winded and uninteresting his conversation may be to you, politeness requires that you should wait for his conclusion. You are not under an obligation to enter into conversation with him at all; but if you do, it is an understood condition of your conversational treaty that you should let him have his say.

2. Never to diverge, in the middle of a conversation, from the main thread of a discourse into a collateral issue.

The breach of this rule is considered by a Turk as an unpardonable rudeness. To drive a red herring, as it were, across the scent of conversation is, in his opinion, to confound all thought and render all profitable consecutive conversation impossible. This leads, as a corollary, to

3. To allow a short but sufficient pause between the conclusion of a discussion on one subject and the entering on a new subject.

4. Never tell a person a thing he knows already.

5. Not to excuse one's self when convicted of being in the wrong. How very seldom you hear in America, "Yes, I was in the wrong; I am sorry for it." But in Turkey it is considered a violation of principle and a breach of politeness to refuse to be convicted of error. The cause of this difference lies deep in the character of the two races; in the absence on the part of the Turk of petty vanity and distracting self-esteem. The proudest race in the world, they are entirely exempt from vanity.

6. When you have nothing to say, to hold your tongue. They never talk for the sake of talking. Empty, idle jabbering is a Frank but not an Ottoman practise. In Europe and America, it is considered de reguéur to "say something," whether that something is worth saying or not. Not so in Turkey; to say something when you have nothing to say worth saying is considered there a degradation to yourself and a rudeness to your neighbor.

Those who have listened to the noisy chatter of Europeans in the smoke-room of a steamship, for example, have often wished that such a code could become enacted into law.

ADULTERATED FOODS

FOODS are adulterated in three ways. First, by the addition of substitutes, for the sake of cheapness; second, by the use of materials, such as coloring matters, to imitate the natural product; third, by using preservatives. Under the first head may be named coffee, which is often adulterated by adding chicory and ground cereals.

Spices are adulterated by adding starch and flour; chocolate and cocoa by the addition of starch, rice and flavorings.

Some of the syrups called "maple" are merely glucose flavored with caramel. All of the above mentioned articles may not be less wholesome than the unadulterated product, but we may justly object to having the adulterated substance labeled with the name of the pure one, and sold at its price.

The second class of such false materials is coloring matter, used generally to satisfy a popular demand.

Everyone knows that new butter is never the bright yellow color of that sometimes put on the market. Yet few people would buy uncolored butter.

Cheese, too, is often artificially colored, because a white cheese would suggest to many people a skim-milk product.

Preserved peas and beans are often colored bright green to please the eye, and often the inferiority of such goods is concealed by the addition of color.

Vinegar is sometimes colored with caramel, and wines are also often colored. Candy comes under the same ban.

In most cases the coloring matter is not injurious, but it helps deceive the public as to the kind of goods they are buying.

With regard to the use of preservatives in food, there is an honest difference of opinion among experts, many contending that preservatives, when used in proper amounts, are a desirable safeguard.

In most cases a little care would no doubt keep the food properly, without resorting to doubtful means.

On the other hand, the user may not be a healthy adult, but an invalid, or young child. This case would present quite a different problem.

The different preservatives used are borax, sodium and salicylic acid. Cheese, beer, milk, and butter often contain preservatives, though, perhaps, in no sense in harmful amounts.

Shirt Waist Strike in New York

THE strike of the shirtwaist workers in New York has attracted an unusual amount of attention throughout the country. Women have rarely displayed a sufficient power of combination to engineer a movement of this kind, and this fact alone has given a certain amount of portentous significance to the event. Then, again, there is a general feeling that the shirtwaist workers have some real grievances, and that their lot has been by no means what it should be.

But there are two sides to the shield if we may judge from some of the correspondence that is finding its way into the Eastern press. The women strikers are not only exercising their unquestionable right to work or not to work, just as they please, but they are coupling this with an effort to deny to others the same rights that they claim for themselves. Among the letters referred to is one that appears in the New York Evening Sun. It is written by an attorney who is well known for his labor sympathies, but who is disturbed by the tyranny and illegality of which he was a witness.

He says that he was attracted by the density of the crowd on Broadway and Eighteenth Street, and he asked one of the attendant policemen for an explanation. The officer said that he was on duty to protect those who were working and against the aggression of the "pickets," and the correspondent then stood on one side to watch the proceedings. He thus describes them:

"About fifteen linked couples of young women marched up and down the sidewalk for a distance of forty feet in front of the entrance where the policeman stood. Their talk and laughter were loud and they seemed to enjoy the presence of the gathering crowds, and the crowds were gathering on both sides of the street, for it was the hour when the great stores and warehouses were emitting their thousands and those who were in a hurr yhad to take to the roadway and dodge the street cars. Cries of "Move on, move on!" frequently came from the policeman at the door and the girls did move, but it was a twisting, swaying movement in a constricted circle, and the whole situation seemed charged with a tensity of expectation that something was likely to happen. Presently there came out of the guarded entrance a number of women, some old and some slips of girls, and immediately the 'pickets' shrieked out 'Strike-breakers,' 'Scabs,' and other words that were to me intelligible. The women so accosted ran, with frightened faces, in every direction; some reaching the corner, some, with difficulty, making their way through the crowd, while others were escorted by men to the street cars. Two or three of the most vociferous of the 'pickets' grabbed the 'strike-breakers.' These the policeman arrested, but the excitement continued until all of the women employed in the factory had left."

The "pickets" are described as "well-dressed, breezy, broad-hatted young women," who seemed to be having a gay and uproarious time, while the workers were poorly clad and with the hunted look of those who had good reason to go in fear. The action of the police is described as so moderate as to be a practical encouragement to law-breaking, and the law was being broken in more than one way, seeing that there was an "unlawful assembly" tending to and actually producing a breach of the peace and directed toward the hindrance of workers in their lawful efforts to earn a living. The women on strike have every right to work or not, "but that right does not carry with it a license to prevent others from working":

"Brushing aside the mawkish sentimentality and notoriety hunting which have surrounded this strike, there is a deeper root question than one of wages or union or non-union labor at stake, and it is a question which judges, magistrates, and policemen should bear in mind. It is, Shall one or a number of persons be permitted to deprive another of the means and opportunity of earning daily bread? That is what those pickets were attempting to do, for many of the workers who, if appearances spoke truly, sadly needed the earnings. Suppose that on leaving some of the churches in our city, the congregation were to be assailed with insulting cries and offensive epithets from a menacing mob. Would not the whole country ring with denunciation of the assault on the freedom of religious worship? Undoubtedly it would. Well, the freedom to work is as sacred as the freedom to worship. If one be violated with impunity there is no good reason why the other would not be, and it was the sacred right of freedom to work that was violated on Broadway in the presence of the police."

HEALING AMONG THE ANCIENTS

THE Russian government recently received petitions from Siberian Buddhists, requesting that schools be established in which the ancient Tibetan art of healing should be taught. In consequence of this strange petition the Medical Academy of St. Petersburg has been making investigations concerning the claims of the ancient Tibetan art of healing.

A Tibetan handbook of medicine which was known and used twelve hundred years ago, and even then was regarded as an "ancient" and venerable source of knowledge, was used as material for the investigation. The Russian academicians have thus made the astonishing discovery that this book described drugs and cures which European physicians "discovered" many hundred years atterward.

That the doctors of Tibet so many centuries ago were not only acquainted with the secrets of the entire human anatomy—how many bones there are in the human body, etc., the principal nerves, namely ninety-nine—but knew that the skin contained eleven million pores. According to this venerable book, "the heart is king of all organs and the support of life." "Sickness in general originates owing to the evil and ignorance of human beings, especially owing to their nability to overcome their passions, which disturb the healthy nourishing of the human organs. All evil thoughts have a harmful influence on the heart and liver."

The physicians of Tibet, fifteen hundred years ago, employed the same means of diagnosing the condition of a sick person as the physician of the present day—they felt the patient's pulse and looked at his tongue. Among the "remedies" which they recommended were not only vegetarian diet, baths, compresses, but also massage and cupping. What is more remarkable is that physicians who did not keep their instruments clean were severely punished. The ancient Tibetans were in this respect extremely modern. The old Tibetan's medicine-book prescribes that healthy persons should "lead an orderly, sensible manner of life, avoid all excesses and irregularities, also conscientiously cherish and keep clean both soul and body."

In short, it would seem that the Tibetans were merely doing what many of their contemporaries in other parts of the ancient world were already doing. Take vaccination, for example. Although it is generally accepted that the use of vaccine dates from only a little more than a century ago, something strangely like this preventative method of treatment is known to have flourished in ancient Egypt. Even more "modern" was the work of surgeons and those oldtimers who, today, would probably be called "beauty-doctors."

What is known to modern dentists as bridge-work was familiar to the Etruscans, says The British Medical Journal. Plaster ears, noses, and lips were common among the Indians, where the cutting off of these features was a punishment much in use; and Greek and Roman veterans who had lost a leg or an arm in war tried to make good the deficiency by artificial substitutes.

What is said to be the oldest artificial leg in existence is now in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons of England. It was found in a tomb at Capua. Pliny speaks of a Roman warrior who, a century and a half before the birth of Christ, wore an artificial hand with which he was able to handle a sword. In the Middle Ages artificial limbs sometimes repaired the disablements of war.

The "iron hand" of Goetz von Berlichingen was an ingenious piece of mechanism, made for that famous knight in 1504. A century later an artificial hand was worn by Christian, Duke of Brunswick. Ambroise Pare devised artificial limbs with movable joints, which were made for him by artificers, of whom Lorraine, a locksmith, was the most famous. Pare devotes a special chapter to the means of repairing or supplying natural or accidental defects in the human body. He describes artificial eyes and noses, an artificial tongue, and an artificial palate.

At a later period Father Sebastian, a Carmelite monk, made movable arms and hands. In the earlier part of the seventeenth century, Peter Lowe, in his "Discourses of the Whole Art of Chirurgery," gives representations of artificial legs. About the middle of the same century, Falcinelli, a Florentine surgeon, mentions the use of artificial eyes of silver, gold, and crystal painted in various colors; he also describes artificial ears made of the same metals, and fixed by strings to the head or stitched into the skin with gold or silver wire. Silver noses are said to have been in use at an earlier date.

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D. W. COULTER - - - Manager
(Office over new Bank of Hamilton)

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Sport

Johnson says he is the better man.

(By Jack Johnson)
Heavyweight Champion of the world.

It would be foolish on my part to say that I would whip Jeffries sure and that he would not have a "look-in," etc. Now, I do not expect to lose the fight. Jeffries was a wonderful fighter before he retired, but I am just conceited enough to think that I am a little better than he is now.

I have been measured thoroughly by Dr. Sargent, of Harvard, and he tells me that I am almost perfect as regards physical development. I am just as strong as Jeffries. If that is the case, I figure that I should win, because I am younger than he is and will be at my best, and my stamina will be better than his.

In addition, I figure that I am cleverer than Jeff, although some claim that he is just as clever as I am.

I know I have a better left hand than he has and can fight on the defence as well as any man living. That being the case, why should I not be able to go along and wear him out without taking chances, and then go in and win? I know as well as anyone that Jeffries will be a different proposition from either Tommy Burns or Stanley Ketchel, and I would be foolish to say that he will not do as well as they did.

Now, I always had a great deal of respect for Jeffries and have looked upon him as a wonderful fighter, but to tell the truth, I do not think he is as good now. He may be able to come back in the best of shape, but you will find out when it comes to a case of stamina and ability to recuperate he will not be there.

That was proven in the case of Battling Nelson against Alf Wolfgast. Nelson used to be there with the come-back no matter how hard he was pressed, but after Wolfgast had fought him to a standstill the Battler did not have the reserve power any more, and that is just what will happen to Jeffries—he will not be able to recuperate when his strength begins to leave him.

They say Jeffries weighs 225 now, but I know he is nearer 245, and he will no doubt fight at about 215 to 220. I am weighing about 220 now, and expect to train down and enter the ring at about 200. Jeffries has a little longer reach than I have, mine being 72½ inches, but that will not matter. And just say that I am six feet and a quarter of an inch tall in my stocking, while Jeffries is just about half an inch taller.

George Ham's Bet

George Ham, of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, is the greatest Canadian mixer. He usually entertains all the visiting English journalists and statesmen who come to look over Canada.

Once a party of dignified English journalists came over, and Ham met them at the dock at Quebec. One was a particularly dignified representative of the London Times, much impressed with his importance.

"George," said a friend who was with him, "you'll never be able to make a dent on that man."

Ham looked him over. "Ill bet you a dinner," he said, "that he'll be calling me 'George' before midnight."

"Done."

At half past nine that night Ham called up his friend. "You lose," Ham said. "He has not only called me 'George,' but he has now his arm around my neck and is calling me 'Georgie.'"

Acoose to take a rest.

Acoose, the Indian, says he will give up racing this fall. Grenfell, the home of the western wonder, will feel somewhat hurt over his decision, for their publicity practically depended on the red tearing about the country wearing a blue uniform with the name af the town inscribed in large letters across the breast. It is a matter of opinion whether Acoose has reached the zenith of his success by defeating Longboat, but there is one thing sure, he is still young in the game, perhaps the infant of marathonism, and with the ability he exhibits, surely it is hard to think that he has cut out the track. Acoose is a wonder, and his races have been watched from time to time by the writer. He has the calibre to make a record untouched by any of the famous runners in the Dorando, St. Yves, and Marsh class. What change of climate or conditions has made him decide to take to the tall grass?

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The best work possible to secure, and the largest dental concern in southern Alberta.

You can have your work done in less time in this office than you ever dreamed of. Write for an appointment.

HERBERT LAKE, Manager.

BASEBALL

Whatever was the outcome of the baseball meeting held recently in Taber? Is this to be the last town on the line to get a baseball nine in shape for the coming season?

×

Regina, April 3.—Regina will have a baseball team all right this year in the Western Canada league. This was assured yesterday, the red flag of danger hung out having the desired effect.

All the necessary stock has not yet been subscribed, but so much support was assured during the day that the directors, at the meeting last evening, decided to go ahead with the arrangements for the season.

×

The Medicine Hat team of the Twilight league will do its spring training in Spokane. Arrangements have been made with the Washington Water Power Company for the use of Natatorium Park, and Manager Hulen has ordered his men to report for the first practice here on April 20.

Marriage

Edward Maggo and Mary Yuill, of Coal City, by Rev. D. Jones, in St. Theodore's Church, Taber, on March 31st.

I.O.O.F.

Oddfellows, all over the world celebrate the ninety-first anniversary of the Order on the 26th of this month and multitudes of the brethren and their friends will take part in the celebration. Taber lodge has arranged to attend divine service at St. Theodore's on Sunday the 24th. The members of the lodge will assemble in the Hall at 2 p.m., and parade to the church where service will begin at 3 p.m., conducted by Rev. Mr. Jones. All oddfellows resident in Taber are heartily invited to be present.

Lone Star Notes

(From our own Correspondent)

Philip Grote has returned from the Nanton country where he purchased 3 head of horses and 4 cows.

Jas. Parks is still on the mend. Good for you James.

Harry Noice has bought a new cook stove and some other furniture. Does it mean anything?

Church was held at Mr. Odemark's and at D. W. Burn's place.

Mr. Seager is fitting up his steam plow outfit and will soon be at work.

Nearly all seeding will be done by the middle of April if the fine weather continues, of which there is no doubt—in Sunny Southern Alberta.

Rolling Green is the name of the name of the new school district organised in the southern portion of the Lone Star country.

Rosedale district held a meeting on March 17th to organise.

Mr. Oscar Nelson, who has the store in 12-17 expects to get a post-office soon. The name is to be Barney.

We have a new blacksmith shop in 12-17, sec. 30. Tony is pounding out plow shares pretty steady these days.

News from Mussonville

(From our own correspondent.)

Farming is the order of the day.

Homer Osborne has started his steam plow outfit and with his new cockshutt plows is turning over the prairie of Sunny Southern Alberta.

Jim Bates, of 14-16, is now one of the force on Osborne's ranch.

Geo. Carroll, foreman on Musson's wheat ranch, arrived with a carload of settlers' effects. He and his wife will be residents for the season.

Mr. Hall, of Des Moines, Iowa, will spend the summer improving his land in 5-7-16. His family will join him during this month.

Chris. Mack's wife, family, and sister 'Lena arrived last week, and are now enjoying the wonderful climate of this favored country.

A prairie fire occupied the attention of the residents of this district some days ago. Mr. Erickson lost his stable. Mr. Yaggy suffered a similar loss together with part of his shack.

John Rollag and his brothers have purchased a Russell 30-horse plow engine and 8 cockshutt plows. The boys are good rustlers and will make things go.

Samuel Oglesby, of Valley City, N.D., is here organising his plowing outfit and moving the same from Musson's farm to section 18, where he will erect buildings preparatory to breaking 1440 acres of wheat land.

Land is attracting attention in this locality. Two or three automobiles of land seekers are seen every week.

Frank Maxwell, of Lethbridge, was looking at a thoroughbred dollar horse belonging to C. W. Yaggy, last week.

Edmonton Convict is Desperate Criminal

It is expected that in the course of a day or two, word will be received from the department of justice, Ottawa, to bring Joseph McQuillan, the convict who several weeks ago attempted to escape by an attack on Guard Dharty, before the Supreme Court for trial for attempted prison breaking. McQuillan has entirely recovered from the beating given him by the guard, who was attacked and is now engaged at his old occupation on the knitting machine. He has forfeited his 57 days remission which he had earned by previous good conduct.

The Guard Dharty who was formerly in the R.N.W.M.P., was not injured by the attack. The other convict, King, who attempted to break down his cell, which however was on a lower tier of the temporary cell block, has also been punised for his offence, but it is unlikely that he will be brought up for trial.

Joseph McQuillan, the chief offender, has a number of aliases among them being Harry Hill, J. Pelter, and H. Petter. Edwards, as the authorities believe his correct name to be, is serving an eight year term on a charge of safe-cracking at Pincher Creek some time ago.

Edwards first became known to the R.N.W.M.P. in 1888, when he was sentenced to seven years in Manitoba penitentiary on a charge of burglary or a similar offence. He however escaped after serving four years, and nothing more was seen of him until he appeared in Vancouver, under arrest on a charge of housebreaking. This time he was sentenced to three years, and sent back to Manitoba penitentiary to serve his term with an additional six months for jail breaking.

In 1900 he was again at liberty, being released. During the next five years he appeared now and then on minor charges, such as vagrancy, drunkenness, etc., and was during that time incarcerated in almost every jail in the prairie provinces for brief periods.

Taber School Reports for March

South Side School.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Standard IV.

	Percentage
Grace Davis	91
Flora Hull	88
Olive Keeley	80
Maurice Tainter	79
Russell Wellington	77
Robert Wright	70
Leona Holman	67
Etta Frances	62
Thresa Gorman	60

Standard III.

Fernie Beck	81
Kathryn Kidd	78
Ethel Lee	77
Arthur Hall	73

North Side School.

The following averages were made in the March examinations by the pupils of Standards III. and Senior II. of Taber North Side School.

Standard III.

	Average.
Irene Culham	80.3
Ilah Hobbs	76.9
Evelyn Truswell	76.6
Annie Johnson	75.3
Nettie Davidson	70.8
Alex Culham	69.6
Lavone VanOrman	68.4
Peter Valgardson	66
Josephine Barton	65.6
Lucielle Tufts	63.5
George Christensen	63
Donald Blue	62
Forest Lee	55.3
Fred Moore	51.6
Agnes Brand	49
Ray Nevers	47.5
Eles Haynes	41

Standard II., Senior.

Harold Hamman	83.6
Willard Cook	80.8
Mary Smith	74.6
Julia Garrick	73.1
Bertha Godfrey	71.8
Ruby Haynes	71.1
Alta Lyons	69.5
Hazel Hammer	65.3
Maude Godfrey	64
Mary Blue	60.6
Wilfred Duggan	59.8
Nan Davidson	58.5
Van Duncombe	56.8
Noble Hobbs	56.5
James Davidson	55.8
Willie Jenson	51.3
George Millar	44

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS

All copy for change of advertisements should reach the Taber Free Press office not later than 6 p.m. on Tuesdays